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THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 162 · NEW YORK · SATURDAY · MAY 25, 1946 · NUMBER 21

# The Shape of Things

THE PESSIMISM EXPRESSED IN *THE NATION* at the opening of the Paris conference has been all too well justified by events. No progress has been registered either in restoring peace to Europe or in abating the fear and suspicion entertained by Russia toward the Western powers and the Western powers toward Russia. The one accomplishment of the conference was the revision of the Italian armistice terms and even this, it is being alleged, was made possible only by one of those cynical bargains which George Slocombe castigates in a dispatch from Paris on another page. According to a report in the New York *Times* of May 20, an oral understanding was reached giving Russia a free hand in Rumania and Bulgaria in return for its surrender of any share in the control of Italy. Molotov's attempts to barter Yugoslavian acquisition of Trieste, however, against the abandonment of very dubious Soviet claims in the Mediterranean led to a deadlock. On this point the new "toughness" of Byrnes reinforced the old toughness of Bevin. If there is to be a fence dividing Europe, America and Britain are determined that it shall not be breached at the head of the Adriatic so as to allow a convenient entry for Sovietism into the western sphere. In this instance the exigencies of power politics are usefully supported by moral arguments—for Trieste itself, as well as much territory west of it claimed by Yugoslavia, is incontestably Italian. But while we approve the refusal of Byrnes and Bevin to compromise on this question we would remind them that it is not enough to practice morality only when it is a buttress for self-interest.

*

THE WRY COMMENT OF WINSTON CHURCHILL that the British Cabinet mission had worked with "a zeal which would have been justified if it were to gain an empire and not to cast it away" is a good indication that a new chapter in England's imperial policy has been written. If it marks the end of empire it also marks the beginning of something vastly better from the standpoint of the world's good. The Labor Party has shown that in the field of imperial affairs it can act in accordance with its basic socialist traditions and can also muster wise statesmanship to meet a vastly complicated situation. Considering the enormous problems that India faces and the highly explosive nature of the Moslem-Hindu feud one can only say that the Cabinet plan provides the beginning of a solution. There will be blood, sweat and tears aplenty before India is fully free and independent. The British government proposal comes down firmly on the side of Indian unity, discarding Pakistan as economically and politically unworkable and as a serious danger to any scheme of national defense. The proposal, however, gives full recognition to communal aspirations and rights and provides for a large measure of provincial autonomy. As Shiva Rao points out in his article elsewhere in these pages, Gandhi, Nehru, and the other Congress leaders have gone a long way to meet the demands of the Moslem community. Now the immediate task is the formation of the interim government and beyond that a constitutional assembly. It is up to Mr. Jinnah to show whether he has the statesmanship to cooperate in a plan for the achievement of national independence or whether his chauvinistic ambitions will plunge India into a ghastly civil war.

*

FIRST BLOOD IN THE BATTLE FOR THE OPA was drawn when the Senate Banking and Currency Committee voted to extend the life of the agency by one year instead of the nine months provided in the House bill. Consideration of the many proposed amendments for weakening or crippling the agency has, however, just begun, and it is the decision on these issues, rather than the length of the extension period, that is crucial. It may be taken for granted that the Senate committee will make the bill somewhat stronger than the House measure. But supporters of the OPA should not be lulled into false confidence by committee victories. It will be recalled that in the House the real butchering took place not in committee but on the floor. Reports from Capitol Hill indicate that the same kind of coalition between Southern Democrats and Republicans which was responsible for the slaughter in the House is forming in the Senate. To make the situation more critical, papers of such diverse viewpoint as *PM* and *the Wall Street Journal* agree that the flood of pro-OPA letters and telegrams, declared to be the greatest in history, has receded sharply, while the anti-OPA lobby has greatly stepped up its activities as the time for final decision nears. If the OPA is to be preserved with sufficient powers to control the inflation

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*The Nation*, published weekly and copyrighted, 1946, in the U. S. A. by The Nation Associates, Inc., 20 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1879, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Washington Editorial Bureau: 318 Kellogg Building. Advertising and Circulation Representative for Continental Europe: Publicitas, Lausanne, Switzerland.

*Subscription Prices: Domestic*—One year $5; Two years $8; Three years $11. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

*Change of Address:* Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new one.

*Information to Libraries: The Nation* is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

that is already upon us, the Senate must be kept informed of the feeling back home. The cost of a second or third telegram is insignificant if it helps to avert disaster.

✶

THE GOVERNMENT OF GERMANY HAS directed that all books "glorifying Nazism or militarism" be confiscated and burned; several billions of volumes, it is estimated, will be affected by the decree. Ah, those Germans—they never change! First they order that all democratic, pacifistic, and "Jewish" books be burned; and now, thirteen years later, they burn whatever books are left. Even their defeat has taught them nothing about democracy, nothing about those freedoms against which they fought their long pig-headed fight: dangerous thoughts are still *verboten*, the autocratic militarists still bark to an acquiescent populace their arbitrary decrees. Surely the Germans are still, after two millennia, those barbaric Teutons whom Tacitus described for us—or so an unusually innocent and rhetorical newspaper reader might reflect. But actually this burning of a couple of billion books has been decreed by the Allied Military Government of Germany, by the official representatives of democracy, by *our* representatives; and it is such acts as this that must signalize to the natives of Germany the restoration of those God-given rights of which they have been so long deprived. These new book-burnings were suggested by the French—which ironically reminds one of what people usually forget, that it is the French rather than the Germans who are descended from the reasonably amiable barbarians whom Tacitus describes; and our own American representatives consented to these measures only after sustained protests. These protests, all realists will be glad to learn, were based not on freedom of press or speech, but on the "impracticability" of such a step.

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WITH SUCH ADROITNESS AS TO WIN THE applause of both the New York *Times* and the *Daily Worker* Philip Murray has formulated for his steelworkers' union a policy on handling Communists. The union will permit itself "no interference with the free and democratic right of each member to . . . harbor such views as he chooses, in his private life as a citizen," nor will there be "any limitation on the free and democratic right of full discussion of trade-union problems." The distinction between the members' activities *as private citizens* and the full discussion of *trade-union problems* within the organization would appear to rule out much of the extraneous political activity that characterizes the comrades in most trade unions. To make matters clearer, Murray bluntly warns that the union "will not tolerate efforts by outsiders—individuals, organizations or groups—whether they be Communist, Socialist, or any other group, to infiltrate, dictate, or meddle in our affairs."

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We believe he has taken the only democratically tenable position. To rule Communists out of trade unions—assuming you could tell who is a Communist and who is not—and then to obtain closed shop agreements from employers would be a gross violation of a man's constitutional right to earn a livelihood. The C. I. O. president explains his statement of policy as a rebuke to "wishful thinkers" seeking to destroy the C. I. O. by reporting "tales of division" to gossip-mongers of the press. The effort seems disproportionate to the purpose. More likely Murray chose this way to refute the accusation of communism leveled at the C. I. O. by William Green and at the same time to doom the resolutions barring Communists from membership, no fewer than 243 of which were submitted at last week's convention.

*

JAPAN'S "OLD GANG" HAS WON ANOTHER important victory in its battle to block democratization by securing the appointment of Shigeru Yoshida as Premier. Although General MacArthur's headquarters has indorsed him as "purge-proof," in actuality he is the embodiment of the forces which propelled Japan to aggression and which we are pledged to remove. He is the son-in-law of Count Makino, who served as Mitsubishi spokesman at the Imperial Court, and he will undoubtedly fight to prevent the weakening of either the Zaibatsu or the emperor system. He served under and enthusiastically supported the infamous Premier Tanaka in his aggressive designs on Manchuria, Mongolia, and North China. As ambassador to London he was later able to secure Tory support for Japanese aggression as a bulwark against Russia. His supporters in the American press make much of the fact that he was arrested briefly last July for prematurely suggesting a negotiated peace. It would seem rather extreme to turn over the Japanese ship of state to him simply because he was one of the first of the rats to desert when it began to founder last summer.

# *The Mihailovich Trial*

ONE need not be convinced of the innocence of General Draja Mihailovich to want to see him given a fair trial. He would be entitled to that even if he should prove, as the Moscow radio has already described him, "one of the greatest Hitlerite criminals." Presumably Herman Göring is a still greater Hitlerite criminal, and he is rightly enjoying his day in court. Mihailovich may, in fact, be accorded a full and fair trial, but the attitude the Yugoslav government has taken so far does not point in that hopeful direction. It has curtly rejected an American request to admit the testimony of Allied airmen who owe their lives to Mihailovich and his Chetniks, and has accompanied its assertion that "full justice will be done" with the grim prejudgment that the United States note ignored "all the proved treacheries and cooperation with the Germans and criminal acts to his people."

We take this position even though, on the basis of evidence not yet controverted, we find ourselves unable to join those who are now attempting to whitewash the Chetnik leader and make him a martyr to Moscow in the eyes of the world. We believe that Mihailovich on several occasions came to terms with Italian Fascist commanders in Yugoslavia, and that these arrangements were designed to facilitate his internecine war with the followers of Tito. We believe, too, that however genuine his opposition to the Nazis, he allowed himself to become the tool of forces within his country that were avowedly fighting for a Greater Serbia rather than a restored Yugoslavia. For documentation on these points we refer our readers to an exhaustive article by Bogdan Raditsa, entitled "The Plot Against Yugoslavia," which appeared in these pages in the issue of January 29, 1944. Treating with the enemy in war time, for whatever cause, is dangerous business and Mihailovich must clearly expect to take the consequences. Moreover, the position that he be tried by an international tribunal seems to us thoroughly untenable. The United States would not yield its sovereign dignity to anything like this extent, and we have no reason to demand such a surrender by any other state.

It is within the rights of the American government, however, and certainly within the rights of private citizens, to focus attention on certain mitigating circumstances in the case. Mihailovich is by no means to be placed in the category of the Quislings. Far from having participated in a collaborationist government, he fought the Nazi invader against appalling odds at a time when Tito himself was living in a Soviet Union still linked to Hitler by the German-Russian pact. Second, he and his men beyond doubt saved the lives of scores of Allied airmen dropped by parachute on Yugoslav soil.

Finally, Mihailovich was in a sense the victim of his allies. The British, with an eye on the future, put up a long and stubborn fight for approaching the Continent by way of the Balkans rather than France; and it is a matter of record that Marshal Alexander, in command of the Mediterranean theater, instructed Mihailovich to break off engagements with the Germans until the strategic moment rather than waste his strength. The Russians, with just as sharp an eye on post-war maneuvering, plumped for the Western-front strategy, hoping presumably to keep Anglo-American armies out of Southeastern Europe. This inter-Allied political warfare was sharply echoed in Yugoslavia and translated into action. When the Soviets won the argument, Mihailovich was left high and dry.

Factors such as these do not spell innocence for the

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Serbian leader, but they do give him a claim to leniency and fair treatment. Yugoslavia can afford to behave generously to its erstwhile national hero where such generosity can only redound to its credit.

# *Health Is a Public Affair*

THE DEMAND for a miners' welfare fund financed by the operators but managed solely by the union is by no means the only issue in the coal dispute, but it is the one responsible for the present breakdown in negotiations. According to John L. Lewis, provision of such a fund is "a condition precedent to the making of an agreement," and apparently he is not prepared even to discuss wage increases until this question is settled in a manner satisfactory to the union. So the deadlock continues while Congress, as so often in labor matters, attacks symptoms rather than causes by considering legislation which would outlaw employer contributions to any union benefit funds.

In this dispute, it seems to us, both the coal owners and the United Mine Workers are taking positions at variance with the public interest. The owners, while grudgingly granting the need for a welfare fund, are willing to give no more than a small contribution to look after hardship cases following mine accidents. At the same time they offer to turn over for administration by the union the moneys now collected from miners for medical services. In rejecting this proposal Lewis made out a good case for a much broader conception of welfare. The union, he has declared, would use the fund for (1) adequate medical service for miners and their dependents, (2) hospitalization, (3) the payment of premiums on life and health insurance for miners, who are now charged 277 per cent more than sedentary workers for this protection, (4) rehabilitation and retraining of workers incapacitated by accidents, (5) alleviation of hardship cases, allegedly multiplied by employer manipulation of compensation laws. Any balance would be employed for cultural and social projects in the mining areas.

No one who knows the conditions under which coal miners have long suffered in their often isolated communities can deny that the provision of such services is over due. Moreover, the cost, pending the provision of a national health program, can properly be placed on the consumers of coal. But since it is the consumers who will pay, they, as represented by the government, should have some voice both in deciding how much money is to be allotted to the fund and how it will be spent. Mr. Lewis, however, has arbitrarily determined that the fund is to be raised by a 7 per cent tax on gross pay rolls and that its administration is to be neither "public not joint" but solely controlled by the union.

This demand, we consider, should be resisted by the public on several grounds. One practical objection is that the U. M. W. under Lewis has become a totalitarian organization in which any member who dares oppose the boss is subject to persecution and discrimination. The fund would be a mighty weapon in perpetuating the Lewis dictatorship. Again Lewis has an avowed program for raiding and undermining other unions, and his record has proved him to be singularly unscrupulous in his methods. Possession of a fund amounting to $70,000,000 a year, with no provision for public control or even audit, would make him a menace to the whole labor movement.

It does not follow that it is right to allow more democratically conducted unions powers we would deny to the U. M. W. under its present leadership. As a matter of principle we believe that the administration of any fund, directly or indirectly provided by consumers, should be accountable to the public. It is true that several union welfare schemes which ignore this principle are now operating in an apparently satisfactorily manner. The best-known, perhaps, is that of the International Ladies' Garment Workers, which two years ago persuaded the employers in the dressmaking industry to finance a health and vacation fund with a 3½ per cent pay-roll levy. This fund is managed by a union committee, which, however, is responsible to a Health Fund Council representing both workers and employers and presided over by the industry's impartial chairman. Thus while direct public control is lacking, the scheme does provide some safeguards against improper use of the fund.

Objections to health and welfare funds under union auspices, however set up, are that their operations may overlap and that they may in time form a network of vested interests which would tend to block the kind of complete public provision for medical services which is so badly needed. We should profit by the example of Britain, where the long-standing "benefit societies" have proved an obstacle to the establishment of a national health service.

What Congress ought to be doing, instead of figuring out ways to circumvent Lewis, is to be speeding up consideration of the Wagner-Murray-Dingell National Health bill. As long as health is regarded as a private matter, largerly dependent on the size of the individual purse, the stronger unions are bound to make what collective provision they can for the protection of their members. It would be criminal for Congress to block such activities, though it might legitimately regulate them. But the only real and permanent solution is to spread the cost of the health services over the whole community. Lewis and the American Medical Association will damn this solution, for both are believers in syndicalist-anarchist social theory, but the hearings on the National Health bill have proved that the people want this question settled on a national, not sectional, basis.

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# The Labor Fight on Capitol Hill

BY TRIS COFFIN

*Commentator for the Columbia Broadcasting Company*

*Washington, May 20*

A SOMBER figure in black has been standing in the Senate these past days speaking a strange language—the language of reason and restraint. Claude Pepper of Florida, with the help of a handful of other Senators, is trying to keep an angry Congress from swinging a sledge hammer on organized labor.

The wheels of legislation on Capitol Hill are stopped. Price control, appropriations, atomic-energy control are making no progress. The Senate took time out to give John L. Lewis a verbal lashing and to wave anti-labor bills in the air. The House is twiddling its thumbs, waiting on the Senate.

Downtown last week the doors at the rear of the Labor Department's huge auditorium swung shut on the coal-strike meetings. Inside John L. Lewis and Charles O'Neill, the mine operator, were deadlocked on the welfare fund: where would the money come from, who would administer it, how much money should be set aside? On Wednesday afternoon the doors swung open. A tired mediator announced briefly, "The meetings are indefinitely postponed. No agreement." The operators' spokesman told an eager circle of reporters in the darkened auditorium that the United Mine Workers' proposal for a welfare fund was "revolutionary."

Several blocks away, around the corner from the White House, the railway unions and the railroad heads sat down together in a private office building. It was the same story—deadlocked. The strike deadline was three days away.

At the White House President Truman was playing the cheerful host. A Baptist minister from Roseberg, Oregon, presented him with two dozen brown trout and a gavel made of myrtle.

These scenes are all part of a melodrama being played on the Washington stage. The final act has not yet been written. There is a long list of characters—some of them familiar figures in strange roles.

First there are the mine operators, railroad heads, and a good many other industrial leaders, who see this hour as the strategic time to break the strong grip of organized labor on the American economy. The coal strike has inflamed the public. A few more black headlines—"Coal Parley Breaks Up" or "Railway Strike Called"—could easily break the bending bars of restraint in Congress and open the way for a mass of anti-labor bills.

The mine operators are negotiating with one eye on the Senate. Ed Burke, their shrewd spokesman, knows the Senate and all its tricks; he was an anti-New Deal Senator from Nebraska from 1935 to 1941. He has been lobbying on the Hill for anti-labor bills. Ed Burke knows that in the restless, uneasy Senate of today any frustration, delays, or breaks in the negotiations will build up pressure against the unions. So there is no great hurry to write a contract.

Then there are the politicians, who wake up in the middle of the night with chills and fever over the growing political power of the C. I. O.-P. A. C. Among them, in the Senate, are men like Scott Lucas of Illinois and Kenneth McKellar of Tennessee, who are heavily influenced or dominated by powerful political machines—both Mayor Kelly of Chicago and Ed Crump of Memphis are being defied by the new labor politicians—and poll-tax-state Senators like Harry Byrd of Virginia, who are watching the C. I. O.-A. F. of L. drives into the South with the tolerance of a farmer toward a swarm of locusts. These men are licking their lips over the chance of shoving through some anti-labor bills.

The Republican leadership in Congress is observing developments with great glee. It has no strong convictions against the Case, Byrd, and other bills, and it enjoys watching the Democrats Byrd and Lucas lead with their chins.

John L. Lewis, with a number of motives neatly folded away behind his black caterpillar eyebrows, has a leading role. He wants to drive a harder bargain for the benefit of the mine workers than his one-time friend and ally, Phil Murray, did for the C. I. O. steel workers. He would like to thumb his nose at the White House by turning down some Administration proposal with a well-rounded phrase. He would like to fan the disillusionment of organized workers with the Truman Administration and shoo union votes into the Republican Party.

John L. Lewis is having the time of his life. He strides majestically out of the White House with a smile of triumph flickering in his eyes. He stops to trade quips with the reporters and pose for the photographers. He has waited a long time for this moment—to survey the world from the steps of the White House, knowing that a beckon of his fingers can stop production. But while an egotist and an actor of the old school, Lewis is no fool. He knows there is a point where he must stop. Coal must be mined. He has no intention of calling another work stoppage except as a last, desperate measure. He has won his big point—acceptance of the principle of a welfare fund. But by turning down arbitration on the all-

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important question of the scope and administration of the fund, he has helped the operators in playing their waiting game. For the satisfaction of Lewis's desire to tell Truman to go to hell the miners may have to pay a fairly steep price.

Drawing by Seligson
*Senator Pepper*

Leaders of the A. F. of L., the Railway Brotherhoods, and the C. I. O. are deeply concerned lest the fire touched off by John Lewis consume them all. They accuse the Administration of not looking ahead and making some definite provision for wage increases in the reconversion program. They say Congress gave industry its piece of cake by removing the excess-profits tax. They say the White House did nothing to save the OPA—if it had not been for public protest, organized in some cases by unions, the House action would have stood. They blame President Truman for doing nothing to curb anti-labor sentiment.

Administration leaders taking part in the drama are so disturbed by the production slow-down that they have added fuel to the fire. John D. Small, a former business man, now director of the Civilian Production Administration, in discussing the coal strike before a Senate committee said irritably that the greatest blessing that could come to America would be no strikes for six months. Marriner Eccles, chairman of the Federal Reserve System, before the same committee compared the coal strike to an army quitting when the enemy was at the gates.

The melancholy Secretary of Labor, Lewis Schwellenbach, treads the boards softly to avoid getting mixed up in the many private fights. He has purposely avoided making any definite public proposals to John L. Lewis for fear the mine workers' chief would turn them down with a roar and make the Administration look silly.

A small group of Senators is trying to keep the Senate from rushing into any hasty labor legislation. This group includes Claude Pepper; gentle James Murray of Montana, chairman of the Senate Labor Committee; the old warrior Burton K. Wheeler; George Aiken, the Vermont farmer; and Wayne Morse, the independent Republican from Oregon. The big surprise in this small coalition is Wheeler. Achilles has come out of his tent. Senator Wheeler looks happier than he has for years as he stands on the floor speaking calmly and logically against the Lucas and Byrd proposals.

The tactics of the group are very frankly delay. Senator Pepper has the floor and can keep it for days. A Senate investigation of the factors behind labor disputes has been asked for.

Majority leader Alben Barkley, who wants neither the anti-labor bills nor a long delay in getting to the draft, appropriation, atomic-energy, and price-control bills, is playing a patient and very shrewd role. He knows that the personal interests of Senators in the bills backed up on the calendar will force them to pass over the labor bills. There is patronage by the barrel in the appropriation bill. Some of the Southern Democrats are the hottest advocates of a strong selective-service bill.

As a last resort, Senator Barkley has an ace up his sleeve. He has a fair chance of killing the Case bill, or any other piece of anti-labor legislation which moves up to passage, by tacking on to it an FEPC amendment.

Finally, there is the cheerful little innocent in the White House. Harry Truman infuriated organized labor by a chance remark to a Senator a few days ago. He said he was going to let the strikes "take their natural course." The labor people interpreted that to mean that he was going to let the unions kill themselves off by striking in defiance of public opinion.

The big issues in this melodrama won't be found in White House news conferences, the well-polished phrases of John L. Lewis, or the background fill-ins at the Labor Department. They emerge from the lines spoken in the long debate in the Senate.

Jim Murray, one of the wealthiest men in Congress, made the opening statement urging restraint. He said, "We have made great strides from the days when labor-management controversies resulted in violence, destruction, and demoralization of civil authority. Gradually a semblance of reason and law has been growing up, and we have been meeting these problems with increasing intelligence and sound policy. The ordeal of war is invariably followed by a painful period of reconversion to peace filled with labor strife and economic disorder." His soft voice went on, "The year 1945 and the early part of 1946 have been marked by serious labor disturbances. Congress and the public are vitally interested in getting them settled quickly. The threat to inflation by labor disputes is not to be minimized. But there are certain long-run objectives." Then after pausing for emphasis, "In our eagerness to get full production we should not overlook the danger of seeking a short-term victory through compulsory techniques and losing the preservation of freedom and democracy. We must legislate not for the fleeting present but for the long tomorrow." He pointed out that "the danger of hasty legislation aimed at any particular individual" was shown in the Smith-Connally act, passed under identical conditions. And he added, "The primary emphasis for the settlement of disputes must be placed upon collective bargaining."

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All during his statement Murray was heckled by Senators Lucas and Ball. Lucas said sarcastically, "If I understand your position, it is that no one in Congress or in the executive branch can do anything. We are a powerless, helpless group, unable to do anything."

Senator Morse came to Murray's defense. He said sharply, "For the life of me, I do not know what legislation we could pass that would settle the coal case on its merits, and that, after all, is what we need if we are going to get coal mined."

Senator Aiken, the white-haired New England liberal, added, "I am not in favor of casting overboard all concepts of liberty under which this country has been governed since 1776 in order to force one man against his will to work for another who will make private gains from such service."

But day after day it was Claude Pepper who held the fort by sheer weight of words. The opposition watches him closely. They are looking for any parliamentary slip that can pull Pepper off the floor. The Florida Senator —who once was a steel worker—is playing for high stakes. If he can hold the floor until public anger subsides, he can protect organized labor from legislation conceived in irritation and slammed through Congress. If he loses the floor before that time—and Pepper is no marathon talker such as Huey Long was—the opposition will jump.

Last Friday correspondents tried to find out from Senator Barkley, the patient majority leader, what was coming next. Would there be a break next week? He shrugged his shoulders. Perhaps. Then his eyes brightened and he snapped his fingers. "If I hadn't lost that Ouija board," Barkley said, "I could tell you what the Senate would do."

# *The New Soviet Diplomacy*

BY GEORGE SLOCOMBE

*English author and journalist long resident in Paris; special correspondent for the New York* Herald Tribune

*Paris, May 17*

THE best one can say of the conference of the four Foreign Ministers of the great powers which ended in Paris yesterday is that it did not terminate in the undisguised débâcle of the previous conference in London. But if open rupture was avoided, the spirit of disillusionment was scarcely concealed. During the past weeks the iron curtain has moved from Central Europe to the west, and the effect of holding the conference in Paris has been to admit the French—hitherto bewildered and hurt spectators of the private drama of the Big Three—into the baffled brotherhood of the non-Russian powers.

To one who has followed with sympathetic interest the earliest diplomatic contacts of the Soviet Union with the capitalist powers the change in the basis as well as the form of Russian diplomacy is startling. In the old days the spokesmen of revolutionary Russia at international conferences fought political opportunism with principles and power politics with propaganda. Now the situation seems to have been reversed. In Paris as in London the Russians have adopted all the methods of power politics which they so vigorously condemned twenty years ago, and when these have failed to impress, Mr. Molotov has blandly retreated behind the explanation that he had no mandate to discuss the questions raised by Mr. Byrnes or Mr. Bevin.

There is another difference between Soviet diplomacy now and that of an earlier day. Mr. Molotov's predecessors had little military power but a strong case, and knew it; and even when their case was not strong they admitted its weakness even to themselves. But Mr. Molotov is clearly conscious of the many weaknesses of Russia's position; otherwise he would not have cynically resorted to the tactics of the huckster. We do not yet know what the Kremlin's real intentions are concerning its future strategy in the Mediterranean, and we do not yet know whether it has seriously considered acquiring a sphere of influence for colonial expansion in Africa. But it was plain during the past week that Mr. Molotov's immediate claims to a naval base in the Dodecanese Islands and to a Russian mandate over Tripolitania had been advanced as bargaining counters to be exchanged against the acquisition of Trieste for Marshal Tito. This naked and unashamed policy of barter revolted even the French, who have no reason to support Italian claims anywhere; but the proposal to appease the strategic anxiety of the other powers at the expense of a large and admittedly Italian population was too much for Georges Bidault. Even at the risk of losing France's tenuous chances of playing the role of buffer and arbiter between the Soviet Union and the Western powers the French government decided on this issue against its Russian ally. On one at least of the moral principles at stake the half-forgotten Atlantic Charter won the day against Mr. Molotov's new diplomacy of barter.

Trieste, of course, was far more than a purely Italian issue, and more even than an Italo-Yugoslav issue. If it

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had been ceded to Marshal Tito it would have brought the iron curtain to the Adriatic and the central Mediterranean. It would, from a purely military point of view, have achieved what the Axis of Hitler and Mussolini achieved—the domination of Europe from the northern to the southern seas by a group of powers and satellites whose ultimate purposes are unknown, whose military and economic organization is kept closely shuttered from outside scrutiny. Even the Russian claim to a naval station in the Dodecanese Islands, serious as such an outpost might ultimately prove in considerations of eastern Mediterranean security, seemed less of a menace than the claim to Trieste. Whether this claim will be persisted in by Moscow now that it has seen and estimated the strength and unity of the opposition of the other three powers on this issue remains to be seen. If it is persisted in, the Foreign Ministers' deputies who are to continue the discussion on the draft treaties with Italy and the Balkan states between now and the resumed conference on June 15 will wreck themselves on the same rock.

Superficially the Paris conference made a certain amount of progress, but on minor details only. Evidently it is Mr. Molotov's tactic to surrender on minor points while remaining adamant on the greater issues. Germany is in Russian eyes a greater issue, perhaps the greatest, and on this he has hitherto confined himself to a policy of delay and deferment, always determined at all costs to avoid a showdown. Russia has clearly no intention of revealing at this stage its long-term policy for Germany, always supposing that it has worked out a long-term policy, but equally it has no intention of committing itself to any joint scheme for the government of Germany either as a unitary or as a tripartite state. Mr. Byrnes's attempts to get agreement on a twenty-five-year plan for German disarmament ran up against this rock of Russian indecision, if indecision is the word for a policy of negation which has been so carefully studied and applied as to become a fine diplomatic art. Every time an attempt was made to break down the Russians' silence and reserve as to their intentions in the Russian zone of Germany, Mr. Molotov retorted by allusions to the British zone which, as they were intended to, never failed to draw the shrewd but irascible Ernest Bevin.

*Molotov*

The most disappointed party to the Four Ministers' conference is, of course, the French Foreign Minister, Georges Bidault. To all his pleas for the political separation of the Ruhr and the Rhineland from Germany Mr. Molotov maintained an enigmatic silence. In private conversations both Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Bevin expressed sympathy with the French point of view, but neither the British nor the American spokesman would commit his country to the French claim until the whole question of Germany's future was settled, and that seems as far away as ever. On the question of the Saar, French claims have received more satisfaction, but no final allocation of the Saar coal fields and the Saar administration to France will be made until the future of the Ruhr is agreed on. In the meantime France is likely to get more coal from the Ruhr, although its demand for a million tons a month is probably greater than the Ruhr production could yield under present circumstances.

Meager as these results of the Paris conference are, it will not have proved entirely futile if it has revealed to Soviet Russia that the other three powers would rather accept an indefinite prolongation of the present situation in Europe than a hastily and pusillanimously contrived peace settlement which would be condemned in advance. The fiasco of the Versailles treaty was due partly to haste, partly to cynicism, partly to weakness. Not one of the participants would say no. Each of them made concessions which he afterward regretted. The Versailles treaty was a valuable weapon in the hands of the Nazis and the Fascists of the inter-war era. All aggressors show a curious weakness for legal justification for their acts if they can find it, and one can understand the reluctance of the present generation of peace negotiators to go on record in the roll of history as the signatories of a second Versailles *Diktat*.

When the Foreign Ministers reassemble in Paris on June 15, the French elections will have taken place, and a new French government will be in office. It has been suggested that the show of conciliation made by Mr. Molotov during the last weeks was inspired by a desire to aid the Communist Party at the polls, but such a suggestion is fantastic to anyone who has studied Soviet foreign policy over a period of years. It is conceivable that a Communist French Foreign Minister might side more frequently with Mr. Molotov in discussions on Trieste and the Dodecanese than Mr. Bidault was able to do, but the Communist leader—even Maurice Thorez—who may be called on to form the next French government would be forced to disagree if his Moscow coreligionary backed the German Communists in opposing the detachment of the Ruhr and the Rhineland from Germany. All the signs are that it is nationalism and not internationalism which has become the pole star of the Kremlin's political philosophy. Mr. Molotov and Mr. Thorez will delight in agreeing when their respective

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nation's interests are in harmony, but there will be no sacrifice of Russia's permanent and imperial policy for the *beaux yeux* of the French Communists. Sooner or later French Communists, like the British Socialists, will run their heads against the same hard, flinty Kremlin walls, and will find that they too will have to choose between principles and opportunism, between charter and barter.

# *Jinnah and Indian Unity*

BY SHIVA RAO

*Editorial writer for the* Hindu *of Madras and correspondent in India for the Manchester* Guardian

*New Delhi, May 15*

THE breakdown of negotiations between the British Cabinet mission, the Congress Party, and the Moslem League last week-end at Simla does not mean final failure. The mission came out to India with certain avowed objectives: first, to obtain some measure of agreement between the two main Indian parties in regard to a permanent constitution, and, second, to establish for the transitional period a provisional central government commanding popular support and confidence. Many have held the view that the mission should have reversed the order of its objectives and immediately upon its arrival in New Delhi at the end of March proceeded with arrangements for a new interim government.

The food situation has been steadily deteriorating, and a critical period threatening the dislocation of the rationing system seems to be approaching unless adequate supplies of wheat and rice are rushed to India. With starvation has come its inevitable associate, a cholera epidemic, which is assuming virulent form in the Ganges plains. The railwaymen have voted by an overwhelming majority to strike on June 27 unless all their basic demands are referred to an adjudicator. Paralysis of the transport system at this time can only mean widespread disaster. Post-war planning is virtually at a standstill because the central government cannot make headway in an atmosphere of utter uncertainty. A new government under the inspiring leadership of men like Nehru should have been installed without the least delay to get ready for the critical months immediately ahead. Famine, epidemics, labor strikes, post-war planning call for imaginative sympathy, drive, and vision—qualities which the present government lacks completely.

Apart from the time factor there is another reason why the Cabinet mission should have taken this action. All through the years of the war Jinnah received abundant encouragement from the British Tories and the Viceroy, Lord Linlithgow, to adopt a defiant and uncompromising attitude toward the Nationalist leaders. Then Congress's demands for the transfer of political power could be evaded on the excuse that agreement between the Indian parties was absent. Twice during the war the Punjab's Moslem Premier, Sikander Hyat-Khan, and prominent members of Jinnah's party came very near to reaching a settlement with the Congress. It would have meant a split in the Moslem League; on both occasions Linlithgow refused support. The Viceroy made no secret of his intention to do nothing to weaken the Moslem League. The rapid growth of Jinnah's influence was due mainly to the powerful patronage of the British Tories. Had the Labor ministers now negotiating on behalf of the Cabinet indicated their anxiety for a just settlement, with no party having the power of veto, by establishing a provisional government, Jinnah would have seen the wisdom of altering his tactics. Subsequent discussions about a permanent constitution might have been shorter and more fruitful.

Nevertheless, as I said, the breakdown at Simla does not mean failure. In fact, it conceals, as a declaration to be made later this week is likely to show, a considerable narrowing down of the original differences between Congress and the Moslem League. The Congress leaders, particularly Nehru, have always been willing to reduce federal authority to a minimum and concede the largest measure of autonomy to the provinces. But they sharply oppose the complete division of the country—unless a distinct area demands it through a plebiscite of the entire adult population. Jinnah, on the other hand, will not be satisfied with anything less than a clear-cut separation. Nor would he concede the right of the non-Moslem minorities to participate in the plebiscite. Jinnah's demands have grown steadily during the past six years. At first he agreed to territorial adjustments to exclude the non-Moslem areas. That qualification he dropped from the resolution passed by the convention of the Moslem League this Easter. One of his lieutenants, now Premier of Bengal, declared, "Pakistan is our latest but not necessarily our last demand." Another equally prominent Moslem mentioned Genghis Khan, whose wholesale massacres are still recalled in this part of the world, as a possible example to follow if Pakistan were not willingly granted. He also thought Soviet Russia might lend a helpful hand to the Indian Moslems.

These speeches have alarmed non-Moslems, who see in the technique and language adopted the spirit of

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Hitler. Large numbers have ceased to argue rationally about Jinnah's conception of Pakistan: phrases like "policy of appeasement" are used to condemn any concessions to the Moslem League. The Congress leaders cannot overlook powerful sentiments of this kind in their negotiations. The unity of India has religious sanctity for the Hindus, who mention in their daily prayers all the sacred rivers and cities from Kashmir in the north to Cape Comorin in the extreme south.

It is some achievement for the Cabinet ministers that they have secured Jinnah's consent to a central government administering three departments—namely, defense, foreign affairs, and communications. Such a center will have adequate financial resources to back it and possibly also an elected legislature. The Congress leaders are not enthusiastic about such a loosely knit federation, holding that a country the size of India requires a better-organized administration. This compromise, however, means the definite abandonment of Pakistan. The Congress and the Moslem League have also agreed, again reluctantly, to a regrouping of the provinces, if they wish it, for the common administration of other departments. The Congress leaders fear the gradual Balkanization of the country. Jinnah, on his side, does not see any merit in giving the provinces such an option.

This statement of developments in recent weeks has not taken note of another important element—namely, the princes, whose territories cover a third of India and have a population of about ninety million. Some forty of these princes, out of nearly six hundred, have treaties with Britain. The great majority are petty chieftains, with annual incomes of a few thousand dollars, who deny their unfortunate subjects even elementary citizenship rights. The Cabinet mission would abolish all paramountcy, British or other, with India's achievement of independence. Nehru is anxious for the growth of democracy throughout India, including territories under the princes. Britain's exercise of paramountcy in the past has perpetuated the autocracy of these princes. Nehru wants it transferred to the Indian government, which would use paramountcy to establish democracy.

The question facing men like Nehru is how far they can safely compromise with the Cabinet mission in order to assume power, necessarily limited, during the transition period. Nehru is desperately anxious that the transition period be one of constructive work which will fit India politically, socially, and economically for the role of a leading Asiatic power. Compromise beyond a certain point, however, may prove fatal. New forces are rapidly emerging, less patient than Nehru, less squeamish about non-violence, and determined to put an end to European imperialism throughout Asia without a period of transition. Control over the Congress Party is now in the process of changing hands; in comparison with the new leaders, even Nehru may find himself a moderate.

*May 20*

The British Cabinet mission published last week two White Papers, one containing its proposals for settlement of the differences between the Congress Party and the Moslem League, and the other the text of the correspondence culminating in the failure of negotiations at Simla on a permanent constitution. The British proposals generally follow my forecast and seem, especially in the light of the published correspondence, a midway compromise between the views of the two parties. Congress leaders, and indeed most political groups except Jinnah's, are delighted with the emphatic rejection of Pakistan on grounds which have enduring validity. All the provinces must accept a common central authority under the British scheme, though Gandhi and Nehru would add tariffs, currency, and national planning to the three subjects—defense, foreign affairs, and communication—to which Jinnah has already consented. The British Cabinet contemplates a federal government and legislature with power to levy taxation, while Jinnah is not willing to go beyond an administrative center without a legislature and dependent on the provinces for finances. Objectively analyzed, the scheme concedes a great deal of Jinnah's original demand for two regions, one in the northwest and the other in the northeast. Jinnah complains that the regions are not sovereign states but merely sub-federations under a common center. The Congress leaders for their part protest against the compulsory grouping of the provinces into three regions as a serious encroachment on their rights of self-determination. That point has been met partially by a provision that the provinces may opt themselves out of their respective groups should the first elections under the new constitution return such a verdict.

Though the Cabinet mission has described the scheme as a recommendation, in effect it is an award, since its provisions are unalterable except by consent of the majority of both the Congress and the Moslem League. Another objection from the Congress side concerns the status and powers of the interim government. Undoubtedly the Labor Ministers mean to carry out their intention to transfer the substance of power to the new government. What all sections of Indian opinion want without delay is a clear declaration that henceforth India is not a subject country but an equal partner with Britain and the Dominions until the Constituent Assembly makes a decision as to whether India shall continue as a member of the British Commonwealth or sever its ties and become independent.

It would be rash to assume that a constitution could be framed within a year or two. Deadlocks are almost inevitable at certain stages unless Jinnah drops some of his intransigence. This formative period will prove critical for Indian-British relations, and present suspicions, which are deep despite all the efforts of the Labor Cabinet, will disappear only with such a declaration.

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# The Veterans' House Divided

BY WILLIAM PRICE

*Formerly a Texas newspaperman, Mr. Price served five years in the navy and is now on the staff of* Time

THE sergeant from Minnesota had been reading a veterans' newspaper in the Red Cross club opposite Tokyo's imperial palace. He folded the eight-page weekly, banged it across his knee, and let the other soldiers sitting near know what he thought about it. "Cats in a sack," he said, "that's what all these outfits are getting to be. Here's a whole paper full of nothing but buddy-buddy stuff, high pressure on Congress, and slams at the competition."

It is true that competitive squabbles are mounting as veterans' organizations bid for more than fourteen million potential members. For better or worse, the expected political unity of organized returned service men is splitting wide apart. With some two hundred national pressure groups staging this Donnybrook Fair, ex-G. I.'s find dozens of active spokesmen for their interests but no constructive united action on any major issue.

Going into the discard, perhaps prematurely, is the prediction that out of World War II would emerge the greatest mass pressure group in our history, formed on the pattern of the Grand Army of the Republic and the American Legion. Four organizations lead the present pack. On their relations with each other, whether conflict or cooperation, depend the weight and impact of the ex-service men's opinions—at least about strictly veterans' concerns. The American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars (V. F. W.) have relatively long histories, fat treasuries, large memberships. The American Veterans of World War II (Amvets) and the American Veterans' Committee (A. V. C.) are new in the field, short on funds, and still small, but aiming for memberships in the millions. Behind these leaders trail an assortment of organizations many of which represent various special groups. Some are only for privates, some only for officers, some only for the disabled; others are limited to a certain area, service, religion, or racial group. Their social views range from those of Gerald L. K. Smith's Committee of Veterans of World War II to those of the Veterans' Committee Against Discrimination. Some specialized organizations will probably thrive moderately, but the prospect for the multitude with general membership is continued insignificance, disintegration, or absorption into one of the Big Four.

## THE LEGION

The vast and rapidly growing American Legion now has two and a half million members, but its discharge of its stewardship as the service man's advocate between the two wars has generated considerable indifference and even considerable hostility. Despite sound civic activity in many communities, it has been freely criticized throughout the nation. Recently this criticism has been stimulated by National Commander John Stelle's ill-considered attack on General Bradley's conduct of the Veterans' Administration—afterward partially withdrawn—and by the leadership's vacillating attitude toward current veterans' problems. The most flagrant instance is Stelle's about-face on the Wyatt housing program. The national commander gave his indorsement only late in April, after Representative Wright Patman, one of the Legion's founders in Texas, had publicly joined in the criticism of the organization for not taking any positive stand. Then last month, after Republican legionnaires in Congress gave him a lambasting, Stelle retracted his support. Objections have also been voiced to the Legion's continued emphasis on a super-heated nationalism—last year William Randolph Hearst was the recipient of its Distinguished Service medal—and to the monopoly of most high national offices by veterans of World War I.

At present the highest official from among the new recruits is one of the five vice-commanders, H. Dudley Swim, of Twin Falls, Idaho, who has already been mentioned as a possible future national commander. His recent experience in being groomed for the job provides a good illustration of some techniques in veterans politics. Early in 1945 Naval Reserve Lieutenant Swim went on inactive duty, at his own request, so that he might go back into private business. His terminal leave expired on April 17 of last year, and he put away his uniform. In the autumn he was elected to his present Legion office. Then, last February, after ten months as a civilian, he was recalled to active duty for a single day, promoted to lieutenant commander, and immediately demobilized once more. Less fortunate legionnaires may wonder how well this conforms to their constitution's precept "to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion and mutual helpfulness."

Its size and power have made the Legion a politically attractive snug harbor for some curious elements, including Communists and fellow-travelers. A *Daily Worker* writer has quite openly stated the choice: the radical veteran must either join this most vociferous of anti-Bolshevik organizations or "abandon millions to unmitigated reactionary leadership." "Democratizing"—or if you prefer "boring"—"from within" is the role

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attributed by its critics to the new Duncan-Paris Post of the Legion in New York City. The post was started mainly by some of the G. I.'s on *Yank* and *Stars and Stripes*. It is named for two battle casualties and is headed by Marion ("See Here, Private") Hargrove and Walter Bernstein, former *Yank* writers. Members are drawn principally from the theater and other arts. Their motives for joining the new post, which is still without a permanent charter, seem to reflect the views expressed by Bernstein in *The Nation* last January: it was a question, he said then, "of going where the men go and fighting for their needs *with* them," regardless of "the reactionary leadership of the Legion." Evaluation of this motive hinges largely on the amount of truth in the charge that the Duncan-Paris Post is controlled by Communists and their active sympathizers. Hargrove denies any such domination. Another post spokesman sets the number of Communists at "about half a dozen" out of more than 200 members. But already some Duncan-Paris buddies talk of seceding from the Legion—taking with them "perhaps a third of the whole national membership"—if the process of "democratizing from within" is balked.

However far to the left it stands, the new post has already demonstrated its vigor and influence. It took the lead in organizing a rally to obtain housing for veterans held in a Manhattan armory last week. The meeting was backed by almost half of the Legion posts and all the county committees in Greater New York. Attendance fell far short of expectations, but it was the most spectacular action yet taken on this issue by the Legion.

### THE VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS

The V. F. W. began canvassing for members the day after Pearl Harbor and was easily first in overseas recruiting among men still in uniform. Its most effective slogan was "a $4,500 bonus for practically every overseas veteran." Actually, astute Omar B. Ketchum, a former mayor of Topeka and the chief V. F. W. lobbyist in Washington, has not pushed this demand. His strategy has been not to repel those with moderate views on the bonus while still appealing to elements that want the big pay-off right now.

Although the V. F. W.'s old-timers have not surrendered many of the top national positions, new veterans form a larger proportion of the membership than they do in the Legion. In general, the organization has led its chief competitor in taking energetic action on housing, surplus property, and other major issues.

The Veterans of Foreign Wars, as the name indicates, is open only to service men who have been overseas; the Legion is open to all who wore the uniform. The V. F. W. excludes women; the Legion accepts them. But in social and political outlook the organizations are closely similar, and there is, in fact, an intimate, informal liaison between headquarters. During the Stelle-Bradley fight the V. F. W. backed the General, but a radio broadcast by Ketchum on the dispute never mentioned the Legion.

It is over signing up new members that the Legion and the V. F. W. clash—and often. But as potential membership is mined out, this cause of antagonism may disappear, especially if the Legion, as is expected, continues to recruit faster. Local V. F. W. leaders have advised returning soldiers to "join 'em both," but so far cooperation has been confined to inconclusive parleying, with agreement on such negative matters as opposition to the A. V. C. If the leaders of the two groups ever decide on a coalition they will find their position as little different as the overseas caps they both wear.

### AMVETS

The largest of the new organizations is the Amvets, with 60,000 members. Though its avowedly "middle of the road" policy is still largely undefined, Amvets has energetically backed subsidized housing and opposed an immediate bonus. In its half-year of effective national existence it has been a well-run one-man show. National Commander Jack W. Hardy of Los Angeles is an earnest and forthright leader but has had no previous experience in national affairs. Though it lacks an adequate staff and is restricted to a small budget by a policy of running on membership dues alone, Amvets may nevertheless keep its present position as the largest of the new groups. Energetic local and state branches, especially in Michigan and Illinois, are recruiting widely, and almost 2,000 new members a week are joining.

A prospective reorganization may produce a stronger, better-integrated outfit. The taboo on outside financial aid, for one thing, is to be discarded. This will permit the expansion of national headquarters in Washington and also forceful intervention in state and local politics. Their platform will be to "stand with any man who is right but part with him when he is wrong." By a constitutional prohibition Hardy cannot be a candidate for reelection at the next national convention in November, but he is committed to support of a slate sympathetic to his moderate objectives. Amvets has a stated goal of 500,000 members by July; one fourth of this figure may be reached before the convention if a drive for funds is successful.

Recent overtures from the Legion and the V. F. W. are tributes to Amvets' chance of survival and indicate that those organizations see the advantage of fostering a puppet among the new groups. Legion Commander Stelle offered to sponsor in Congress a national charter for Amvets, but bills were recently introduced in both houses under Amvets' own aegis. A high official of the V. F. W. offered a $100,000 loan, to help the newcomer "get on its feet." Hardy was given a featured place on a V. F. W. broadcast and cordially interviewed by Ketchum. The two older organizations would apparently like to have Amvets as a buffer against the swipes of

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the American Veterans' Committee. But so far Amvets, though young, small, and poor, has kept its independence.

AMERICAN VETERANS' COMMITTEE

How does it happen that the A. V. C., with a membership that has just reached 55,000—hardly more than the monthly accretions to the Legion—is so prominent and so feared? In the first place, it has exceptionally large representations in New York and Los Angeles—a fourth of the whole membership—and these include some highly vocal and prominent liberals. Secondly, its slashing attacks on the Legion and its vigorous stand on a wide range of veterans' problems have always been well-publicized in New York and occasionally throughout the country. (It has supported the OPA and the British loan and denounced control of atomic energy by the War Department.) Attacks in return from the older organizations, the Hearst papers, and Westbrook Pegler, charging Communist domination, have gained it further publicity, and simultaneous attacks from the Communists themselves have not harmed it. Finally, its chairman is the leading current writer on the veteran, the able and eloquent Charles G. Bolté.

But despite a hustling public-relations policy and a good financial status—it is better than Amvets' because of the substantial amounts received from non-veterans—the A. V. C.'s current campaign to roll up 250,000 members before its organizational convention next month has flopped badly. About a fourth of the hoped-for total will be represented at the Des Moines meeting, June 14 to 16, at which Bolté is likely to be reelected chairman if he consents to run. Conspicuously weak in the Midwest, the South, and almost all rural areas, the A. V. C. is energetically working along two main lines for larger and more evenly distributed membership. It is trying first to absorb smaller outfits. The American Veterans' Association, remnant of an anti-Legion anti-bonus group of the '30's, recently joined, and negotiations are under way with two more Liliputian-sized organizations. A longer-range program calls for more field organizers in all regions, with emphasis on expansion in the Midwest. A million-dollar drive for funds was started a fortnight ago, headed by a highly paid director, for the purpose of financing expansion to a million members by May 1, 1947. The A. V. C. will reach perhaps a quarter of this figure if it is soundly financed and administered. If not, it will remain a generally metropolitan, liberal group—militant and vocal but small.

Bickerings between the Amvets and the A. V. C. are only now becoming as public as the quarrels of Bolté's organization with the two larger groups. But they are even more significant evidence of the lack of unity among the returned veteran's champions. Hardy of Amvets has charged the A. V. C. with making "at least inaccurate and misleading" statements in its literature; the A. V. C.'s unofficial observer at Amvets' Chicago convention last November thought he saw a "native fascist" in every delegate's chair. Amvets refused to take part in an A. V. C.-sponsored radio program in support of the OPA, and the broadcast consequently was canceled. Each has welcomed advances from restless chapters in the other camp. Some Los Angeles Amvets, for example, dickered with the A. V. C. and the reverse happened in Seattle. Amvets recently reprinted an article in a veterans' newspaper which differentiated between its "conservative . . . generally cautious" policies and those of the "at least 'leaning to the left'" A. V. C. The article was run, incidentally, to correct the paper's previous confusion of the two groups.

A POSSIBLE MERGER

That they might be confused is not incomprehensible. Though Westbrook Pegler sees the two as "in a sense rivals," though many rank-and-file Amvets consider the A. V. C. "radical" and a comparable number of A. V. C. members consider Amvets "reactionary," no real chasm separates the contending organizations. Both are open only to veterans of the last war; both have taken a categorical stand against discrimination because of race, creed, or color. (The A. V. C.'s sincerity in this respect was demonstrated by the election of Franklin H. Williams, Negro lawyer and former infantry private, as chairman of the New York Area Council.) Their statements of principles do not conflict. They share the best-known adherent to either group—Harold E. Stassen.

In view of the tentative suggestions for an alliance or merger of the two groups, it is worth while to review their differences. The A. V. C. admits the men of the merchant marine and war correspondents with combat experience; Amvets does not. Aware that their admission was a subject of criticism, A. V. C.'s leaders considered barring these civilians, but a poll of the membership last February indorsed their retention by a vote of nine to one. A compromise would probably not be difficult to arrange, since the merchant seamen and correspondents in the A. V. C. number less than 300. Another difference is that the A. V. C. accepts support from outsiders, while Amvets runs on members' dues only. But as has been mentioned, Amvets is planning to solicit other aid. The A. V. C. admittedly includes some Communists and their sympathizers, chiefly in New York City; Amvets would insist on their exclusion. This point would be yielded by many top A. V. C. leaders. Distinctly not hewers to the party line themselves, they recently earned this typical diatribe from a *Daily Worker* writer: "The National Planning Committee of A. V. C. is much more interested in fighting the Communists than in fighting for veterans' needs."

If Bolté is elected next month, the hitherto abortive attempts to bring about an Amvets-A. V. C. alliance or actual merger will be strongly renewed. If these efforts are successful, there will be a drive to gather in other,

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smaller World War II organizations; then the bloc of exclusively "new" veterans thus formed will fight it out with the two giants for mass membership. The result will decide what group, if any, will have the right to speak authoritatively for the more than fourteen million new veterans. Less than a fourth of these have yet fastened to their lapels any of the two hundred pins to choose from. A recent survey in New Haven, Connecticut, perhaps an extreme example, showed that up to 90 per cent of ex-service men were withholding judgment on the various contenders for their signatures and dollars.

Whether the Minnesota sergeant in Tokyo and other thoughtful men will find it worth their while to join an organization of veterans depends on how soon groups with little difference in professed objectives stop beating each other over the head for members and unite behind constructive advancement of the nation's—and thus the veteran's—interests.

# *Spain: Postwar Model*

BY SIDNEY WISE

*A correspondent in Spain for the Columbia Broadcasting System and the Overseas News Agency, Mr. Wise was forced to surrender his accreditation and threatened with immediate expulsion because his dispatches angered the Spanish authorities.*

*New York, May 20*

LAST month I left Spain and yesterday arrived in New York, where the Security Council is studying the question of Franco Spain. This is a report on only one vital aspect of the Franco regime—an aspect on which the Allied embassies in Madrid have volumes of evidence which may be released for publication during the Security Council sessions.

While the Allies are combing Europe for small bits and remains of Nazism, Franco Spain quietly continues as the world's last great fascist fortress and a safe haven for Nazi agents. The small roots of Nazism are being sought out for destruction in Germany, but a forest of the same species grows unmolested in Spain. This is a source of bewilderment and concern to many Allied officials in Europe who are working hard at the de-Nazification program and to many persons in this country who believe that the problem of Nazism is global and that if its menace to peace is to be eliminated it must be stamped out in other parts of the world besides Germany. Destruction of the physical assets of the Nazis is an important part of this program. But destruction of the elusive Nazi spirit and ideology is even more necessary.

Franco has compiled an eloquent record of his attitude toward both these aims in more than one year of peace in Europe. In this period he has done nothing to change the basic fascist structure of his regime. Many observers in Spain, feeling that if he had had any genuine intention of cutting his ties with Nazism he would have done so before now, are convinced that he is determined to perpetuate the Nazi ideology at all costs.

It is difficult to find even small changes in the fascist character of the Franco regime today, more than one year after the Allied victory. Practically all the political concepts that functioned during the high tide of Nazi victory are still operative. Officials of the regime have tried in vain to present concrete evidence of what the controlled press once termed "evolution toward democracy." Some cite a decree passed after V-E Day making it no longer obligatory to give the fascist salute, but the stiff-arm *brazo en alto* is still given at all official functions organized by the Falangists.

The *Caudillo* is proud of the close working relations and friendships that existed between numerous officials of his regime and the Nazis during the war. The budget for the current year includes an allotment of 10,500,000 pesetas (about $1,000,000) for veterans of the Spanish Blue Division who fought with the German army. Not only are these veterans who fought side by side with German soldiers given money allotments but many of them have received comfortable government jobs.

Some of the most important posts in the government today are held by the same men who during the war used these positions to collaborate openly with Nazi Germany. There is José Antonio Girón, Minister of Labor, who actively aided in the recruiting of Spanish laborers sent to work in German war factories. There is Lieutenant Colonel Francisco Rodríguez Martínez, Director General of Security, who implemented a secret treaty between the Gestapo and the Spanish police during the war by which valuable military intelligence was sent to Berlin. The most important civilian Cabinet post in Spain, Minister of Interior, is still held by Blas Perez Gonzalez, an undisguised Naziphile today as well as during the war.

Another Spanish official who openly collaborated with the Axis, named by the State Department in its Blue Book on Argentina, is Eduardo Aunos, former Minister of Justice. Because of the unfavorable publicity given to his appointment, Aunos gave up the idea of accepting the post of Spanish ambassador to Brazil. However, Franco was not to be denied in his desire to send a pro-Nazi envoy to Brazil, and several weeks later he named José Losada de la Torre press attaché of the Spanish embassy. Losada de la Torre was in the pay of the German embassy in Madrid during the war.

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Perhaps the most significant thing about the continuing presence of so many Nazis in Spain is not that the Allies have been able to apprehend so few of them but that Franco is protecting them at the risk of jeopardizing his own international position. More than any other development since V-E Day it shows the close ties still existing between the Franco regime and what remains of Nazism. And it is a clear indication that the international aspect of fascism which began in Spain with the intervention of Hitler and Mussolini on the side of General Franco has not yet ended. The Nazis helped Franco gain victory in the Spanish civil war. Today Franco is providing safe haven for Nazis wanted by the Allies.

Until the Security Council discussion of Spain began several weeks ago, the greatest subject for laughter in the prosperous German colony in Spain was the Allied attempt to seize Nazi agents. For more than a year the Franco regime has openly defied Allied demands for the deportation of Germans. Allied embassies in Madrid have compiled a list of 2,200 Nazi agents classified as "dangerous." Of this group, which represents only the top layer of German agents in Spain, less than a hundred have been deported so far. Most of them have been directly or indirectly responsible for the death of thousands of Allied soldiers. On the list are at least two German generals—Hans Dörr, former military attaché of the German embassy in Madrid, and Eckhardt Krahmer, former air attaché and one of the heads of the vast Gestapo machine in Spain during the war. German espionage agents like Colonel Edmond Niemann, Otto Heinrichsen, and Alfred Gesworsky find Spain a comfortable refuge. For the brothers Hubert and Oscar Wilmer, munitions agents and active members of the *Sicherheitsdienst*, the dregs of Nazi defeat in Spain must taste like champagne, for they are still among the most lavish spenders in Madrid's night clubs. Dr. Karl Albrecht, the number-one Nazi in Spain, is so far making good a boast to his Spanish friends on V-E Day that the Allies would never be able to get him out of Spain.

Last March Sigismund von Bibra, former counselor of the German embassy in Madrid, and von Hamma, German police attaché and key Gestapo director, both high on the Allied list, were deported by the Franco regime. But it is interesting to note that their deportation followed shortly after it became known to Spanish authorities that they were "spilling the beans" to Allied embassy officials. Ten months of table-pounding by the Allies after V-E Day had previously failed to persuade Spanish officials to get rid of these wanted agents. Several other Nazis on the Allied "dangerous" list also were suddenly surrendered after they began giving valuable information to personnel of the British and American embassies.

That the Nazis have a safe haven in Spain more than a year after the German defeat in Europe is dangerous enough in itself. But the spirit which motivates the Franco regime to continue this intimate relation with Nazism, despite Allied pressure, is a far more serious matter. The question almost inevitably arises: If during this first year of peace, when the ideals of World War II were still strong, the Franco regime displayed such open sympathy with Nazism, what will be its attitude when Allied vigilance against Nazi machinations relaxes and the war ideals fade with the passing of time? Deporting Nazi agents from Spain is one job; rooting out Nazism from the thinking and spirit of the men running the Franco regime is a more difficult problem. Most observers in Spain agree that the future will show an increase rather than a decrease in Nazi influence in Spain and that Franco will not change his course.

Some light on the thinking of Franco regarding the internal situation of Spain since V-E Day may be gained from the official budget for 1946. Official budgets under Franco have, at best, been padded understatements of the spending sins of his regime. However, this habit should point up the 1946 budget, which discloses that a higher percentage of the total expenditures is going to the army and police than in any year since Franco took power. In the first year of peace in Europe, and seven years after the end of the Spanish civil war, General Franco is spending more than half the nation's revenues on a graft-ridden army and a vast police and internal espionage system. The Spanish people are chained by repressive and security measures which make political opposition dangerous and popular uprising homicidal.

The resemblance between Franco Spain and Nazi Germany has perhaps never been stronger than it is today. The army has reached a greater strength this year than in any previous year since Franco took power, with the possible exception of 1940. The Dirección General de Seguridad is the closest copy of the Gestapo still functioning anywhere in the world. The propaganda themes of the Nazis are today being daily disseminated throughout the world by Spain's controlled press and radio. The Führer concept is still alive in Spain; only the title is different. Almost the entire Nazi governing structure can be found in the Franco regime of today.

The tripartite note on Spain issued last March calling on "democratic elements" to effect a change of regime seemed expressive of a sad naivete to Spaniards, who feel themselves held more tightly in Franco's iron grip today than in any year since the New State was created. When I left Spain last month, repressive measures were being carried out by the police on a vast and intensified scale. Most people felt helplessly caught in the government's police and espionage network and were pinning their hopes on the outside world for some solution to the Spanish problem. It is no exaggeration to say that at least 20,000,000 pairs of eyes in Spain are turned toward the United Nations Security Council, anxiously waiting to see if the Spanish question will be resolved.

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# EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

## Trade Policies and Sugar—II

LAST week I drew attention to the fact that implementation of the Administration's international economic program would involve the abandonment, or at least modification, of many deeply rooted American economic practices. Just for that reason a good deal more thought needs to be given to the meaning of that program in terms of actual trade situations if the United States is not to find itself one day welshing on its own ideals. I have no doubt that the Administration, in spearheading a campaign to break down trade barriers the world over, is absolutely sincere. I am even more certain that if this campaign is a failure we shall all pay the price in depression, economic strife, and eventually a new war. Most Americans, I believe, would agree with that proposition, and most of them will back the Administration's program as long as it is expressed in generalized terms. But what is going to be the public attitude when we cease to talk about trade obstacles in the abstract and get down to questions of wheat, and woolens, and watches? Will action be ruled by considerations of the broad national interest or by the pressures developed by narrow private interests?

In my previous article I pointed to the intrenched privileges of the American sugar growers as one of the positions that would have to be abandoned if other nations were to be persuaded to open up their markets to American traders. For sugar in this country has been protected not only by an almost prohibitive tariff but by the kind of discriminatory quotas which, when operated against American goods, are regarded as outrageously unfair. Its future treatment, therefore, will be a test of American sincerity.

Apart from its international aspects, the case of sugar deserves consideration from the consumer's point of view. In 1937 Henry Wallace, then Secretary of Agriculture, pointed out that American housewives were paying $350,000,000 a year more for sugar than they would have done if it could have been bought duty-free in the world market. In that same year sugar-beet growers earned a gross income of $51,700,000 and sugar-cane planters a gross income of $20,000,000. The tariff and quota system, however, also protects sugar grown in Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines, which together in 1937 sent about 2,691,000 short tons of raw sugar into this country. At the average wholesale price of 3½ cents a pound in that year, the total value of these duty-free imports was $188,370,000, but since this included freight, insurance, and other costs, the actual return to the island planters was considerably smaller. We find, therefore, that American consumers in a prosperous pre-war year were paying $350,000,000 to provide sugar growers under the American flag with a gross return of considerably less than $250,000,000.

Obvious as the advantages of free trade in sugar would be, even a Hayek would hesitate before advocating the immediate dropping of all forms of protection. For the industry which has grown up behind the tariff wall, uneconomical though it be, does represent a livelihood to some 100,000 American farmers and much greater numbers of laborers in the insular dependencies. The sudden destruction of that livelihood would have a devastating effect on many communities. Economic policies, whether good or bad, create fixed social patterns, and in reversing those policies we must deal fairly with the problems of dislocation that will arise.

In the case of sugar we have to think not only of the mainland producers but of commitments made to those in the dependencies. In the Philippines, which become an independent sovereign state in a few weeks, the sugar industry was practically destroyed during the war, and all other export industries were badly damaged. If on top of these blows to its economy the Philippine Republic were now deprived of the free market it has enjoyed in the United States for nearly fifty years, its hopes of recovery would be entirely shattered. HR 5856, an act signed by the President on April 30, is designed to soften the economic consequences of political separation. It provides for duty-free entry into the United States of Philippine goods for a period of eight years and a gradually diminishing tariff preference for a further period of twenty years. For sugar the act fixes an import quota of 850,000 short tons, rather below the islands' pre-war shipments to this country.

This preferential grant to an independent state is obviously not going to assist negotiations for the abolition of the British Empire preference system, and the commitment of the United States to a continuation of the quota system for sugar creates an awkward precedent. On the other hand, to cast the Philippines suddenly outside the tariff walls which have conditioned their economy for nearly fifty years would be a gross injustice.

But does the fact that the state has provided a group of producers with shelter against the cold winds of competition over a long period establish their inalienable right to such shelter? If that doctrine were accepted, we might as well give up all hope of lowering trade barriers. What, then, is the alternative? In the case of sugar it might be the ending of quotas, which are flatly discriminatory, and the gradual reduction of the tariff combined with the provision of subsidies over a period long enough to allow producers to adapt themselves to competitive conditions. These measures should be applied so as to encourage marginal producers, either on the mainland or in the dependencies, including the Philippines, to transfer their capital to other fields, while assisting the more efficient to cut costs to a competitive level. Subsidies, for instance, could be used to encourage the purchase of recently developed mechanized equipment, enabling beet farmers to dispense with much of the costly, though ill-paid, hand labor now employed in cultivating and harvesting the crop.

From the consumer's point of view a subsidy policy would be much cheaper than the present set-up. As we have seen, before the war consumers would have been better off if they could have obtained sugar at a world price plus a levy sufficient to give the actual growers a sum equivalent to their gross return. When protection reaches the point where its cost to the community is greater than the value of the product protected, it is time to call for a planned retreat from an economically absurd position.

KEITH HUTCHISON

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# BOOKS and the ARTS

## What Eisenhower Was

*MY THREE YEARS WITH EISENHOWER.* By Harry C. Butcher. Simon and Schuster. $5.

THE origin and circumstances of Captain Butcher's celebrated diary are well enough known by now. As General Eisenhower's aide and close personal friend he was charged with keeping an informal record of life at the various Eisenhower headquarters. The unedited journal—the book was cut for security and politeness, as well as for triviality and style—has about a million words and is, I trust, deposited in some safe place for future historians. The published volume contains more than nine hundred pages.

What kind of observer was Butcher? His notes show him to be friendly, honest, shrewd, fairly undiscriminating, and in certain crucial respects quite uncomprehending. His writing is in the tradition of the twentieth-century diarists —flat, banal, and undistinguished, though it should be said in justice that Butcher's syntax is less tortured than Mr. Davies's, and that his clichés are less literary and implacable than Mr. Shirer's.

He has almost no knack for characterization. Of the remarkable individuals who walked in and out of Eisenhower's headquarters, the few who come alive do so sporadically and almost inadvertently. Still there are moments which historians will prize: Patton trying to flatter Eisenhower by "deferential acquiescence," while the Supreme Commander sat by, glum and noncommittal; Eisenhower telling the correspondents that the French landings would take place in the morning ("the nonchalance with which he announced [it] . . . and the feigned nonchalance with which the reporters absorbed it was [sic] a study in suppressed emotions"); Eisenhower a month after D-Day finding a piece of notepaper in his wallet on which was scribbled the draft of a communiqué assuming full responsibility for the failure of Overlord. There are too few of the vivid scenes, though; people like De Gaulle, Ernie Pyle, Lord Mountbatten, General Morgan pass through the book like disembodied shadows.

The sidelights on history are bright but flickering—partly because Butcher was often unaware of the significance of the facts he reports. This is particularly true of the complicated political questions which arose in North Africa and Italy. A passing note makes clear, for example, that Darlan was in Algiers by prearrangement and not, as the State Department apologists used to contend, by an act of Providence. Butcher shows definitely that there were more things wrong with our French policy than Eisenhower's bad political briefing or Robert Murphy's preference for dissident Vichyites over Free Frenchmen. The main responsibility lay plainly with President Roosevelt, who tried to enforce a private and frivolous solution of the French situation long after Murphy and Eisenhower had urged recognition of the Committee of National Liberation. Butcher reports, for example, Murphy's impression that "the President doesn't want the French to create a single, well-established central government," and that he preferred to deal "with a local French government, provisional until after the war, in each of the bits of French territory taken by the Allies."

On questions of conflicts over strategy Butcher is more satisfactory. His jottings substantiate the views expounded by Ralph Ingersoll in "Top Secret" that the British resisted the cross-Channel invasion from the start and fought it at every step along the way. He describes Churchill's repeated and forcible interventions in strategic matters, such as Anzio and the last-minute attempt to divert Anvil (the invasion of the Mediterranean coast of France). Such interference was, of course, a point of doctrine for Churchill; "The World Crisis" had been largely devoted to the thesis that the professional politicians were generally right and the professional soldiers generally wrong on the great questions of military policy in the First World War.

Butcher's record also corrects the melodramatic oversimplifications of the Ingersoll book. It demonstrates amply that SHAEF had other functions than providing expensive settings for brass; it gives quite a different and certainly more authentic picture of the relations between Eisenhower and Bradley; and it makes abundantly clear that Ingersoll's sketch of Eisenhower as a British stooge is hardly just.

Eisenhower, though the central figure, never quite emerges as a person from Butcher's muzzy pages. Yet any light on the man who is going to be so important in this country for the next few years is of absorbing interest.

Eisenhower had been a major in the regular army for sixteen years; he was only a lieutenant colonel when war broke out; and in a little over three years he became a five-star general. His great vision in the war years was the conception of a working international staff in which the decisive loyalty would be to the institution itself. SHAEF was his great achievement—a headquarters where national distinctions were subordinated to a remarkable degree. Eisenhower had the will to carry the conception through; he had, moreover, the power to enforce decisions without losing essential confidence—except that of a few diehards like Mr. Ingersoll and his British equivalents.

At the same time Eisenbower had the professional incuriosity about politics which is the weakness as well as the strength of the career soldier. He was really surprised by the uproar over the Darlan deal; he was wholly unprepared for De Gaulle's personal triumph once he arrived in North Africa; he seems to have honestly believed that the Badoglio government could rally the anti-Fascist forces in Italy. He had thought more about Germany and blamed the war basically on the German General Staff. His solution to the German problem? "He would exterminate all of the General Staff. . . . He added he would include for liquidation leaders of the Nazi Party from mayors up and all members of the Gestapo." Not a bad solution at that.

What is the secret of his strength? The diary does supply an answer to this, or at least the material for an answer.

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For all his failures with individuals, Butcher succeeds in communicating some sense of the world from which he and, to some degree, Eisenhower came. They first met in Washington in 1926 when Butcher was editor of the *Fertilizer Review*, before he opened the Washington office for C. B. S. and became a vice-president. Butcher's Washington is the Washington of big cigars and big expense accounts, of the Mayflower and the Willard, of the great neutral zone where professional politicians and professional representatives of business relax together over bourbon and cards.

"My Three Years with Eisenhower" is an extension of this world into war. It is an exhaustive and ingenuous recapitulation of the characteristic values of the successful American business man or politician (or general): the short-snorter notes, the moosemeat dinners, the all-night poker, the practical jokes, the bathroom humor, the bets about promotions, the hearty friendships, the family devotion, the sincerity, humanity, and courage. The symbolism is almost too pat, from the beginning, where Butcher is in London exchanging broad jokes with George Allen, the official wag of the Truman Administration, to the predestined fade-out, where his mother rouses him from sleep in the security of his parents' house in California.

Butcher somewhere quotes Ed Murrow's description of the Supreme Commander as a "representative of the great American middle class." Eisenhower is perhaps less a representative than an embodiment of its more essential virtues writ large. Butcher reports the rubbers of bridge, the Western stories, the solicitude for Mamie; he can only imply dimly the very real modesty, the clear-cut intelligence, the basic dignity, above all, the capacity to digest new responsibility without upsetting a stable and well-integrated personality. It is too bad that he did not reprint the speech at the Guild Hall in London—the speech which discloses Eisenhower's real qualities as well as anything. (Butcher does make clear that Eisenhower writes his own speeches.)

"My Three Years with Eisenhower" is a unique and valuable historical record. Because it gives a true, if clumsy, picture of the world from which General Eisenhower emerged and from which he draws his strength, it is worth the attention of students of the Republic's immediate future as well as of its immediate past.

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

## The Free Intelligence

*DICKENS, DALI, AND OTHERS.* By George Orwell. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.50.

GEORGE ORWELL, a liberal critic with an international background—birth in India, education in England, life in Burma and Paris, fighting in the Spanish war, and service with London newspapers (and *Partisan Review*) as correspondent—is better introduced to American readers by "Dickens, Dali, and Others" than by his recent labored satire on Stalinism, "Animal Farm." The present collection of essays—social interpretations of Dickens, Kipling, Yeats, Dali, Koestler, and subliterary matter such as boys' weeklies and penny postcards with "funny" illustrations of fat women,

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smacked bottoms, mothers-in-law, etc.—shows how Orwell moves in the ill-defined area of "popular culture" between rigid Marxist and aesthetic values, between the academy and the press. He is not doctrinaire; he undoubtedly feels that he is, as he said earlier, a liberal writer at a moment when liberalism is coming to an end.

Orwell judges literature by its social bearings, but his socialism is not a *mystique*. With Dickens, he belongs in a nineteenth-century tradition of "free intelligence," not much liked by what he calls "the smelly little orthodoxies" of the left. His fighting in the Spanish war—where he discovered that inter-party politics is a cesspool—and his conviction during the London blitz that "bourgeois democracy is not enough, but it is very much better than fascism" have not dulled his sense that the fruits of the war must be revolutionary or else the war has been lost. Though he does not approve of Koestler's defection and pessimism, he has come to realize, with Koestler, that revolutions are betrayed by violence and abuse of power, and that "to make life livable is a much bigger problem than it recently seemed." As in the case of nineteenth-century liberals like J. S. Mill, the logic of Orwell may at any moment terminate only in a sense of the difficulties involved. All this will not satisfy the little orthodoxies. Yet a good many liberals will go along with Orwell's inconclusive tolerance.

This tolerance appears in his literary judgments. He will not condemn Dickens as a pseudo-revolutionary; he defends the platitudes of Kipling because of their survival value ("since we live in a world of platitudes, much of what he said sticks"); he attempts to distinguish between the artistic and social significance of Dali; he finds that Wodehouse is no quisling or traitor—especially compared with the Conservatives who practiced appeasement—but only an anachronism, like H. G. Wells; he regards the "Donald McGill" funny postcards as a saturnalia for the man-in-the-street—and thus significantly extends Enid Welsford's appraisal of the social value of the Fool. But he is frankly worried about the sadism and power-worship of the "Yank Mags" and detective stories that have replaced the more "sporting" genteel thriller like "Raffles"—because "snobbishness, like hypocrisy, is a check upon behavior whose value from a social point of view has been underrated"! The analysis of the cultural lag in the 1910 ideals of the boys' weeklies has direct bearing on the distinctly American problem of the soap opera and comics.

The essay on Dickens—arguing that Dickens is neither a bourgeois sentimentalist nor "proletarian" nor "almost" Catholic, but a moralist—shows how easily Orwell holds his social interpretation in suspense above the literary fiction while he relishes Dickens's grotesquerie, picturesqueness, and gusto. One wishes here, as elsewhere, that Orwell would increase the dimensions of his observation and relate the profusion of irrelevancy in Dickens, say, to that in Browning, the Dickensian attitude toward work to that in Carlyle, or the moralizing of Dickens to that of Mrs. Gaskell.

His issue with Dali is frankly art and morality. Orwell's answer seems equivocal: that Dali is competent as a draftsman but disgusting as a human being. The fact is that Dali, as painter, is a fraud because he is an exhibitionist. The composition in "Mannequin Rotting in a Taxicab" doesn't


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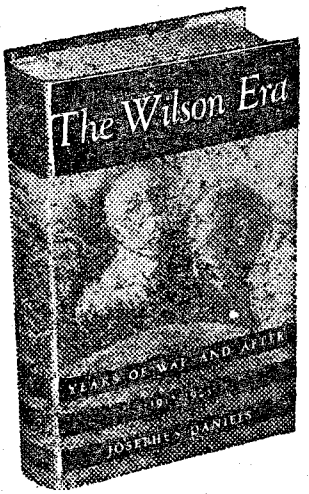


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much matter so long as the subject itself is, in our society, disgusting, just as counter-Reformation representations of disembowelings are likely to be. Orwell puts the right question: *Why* is Dali like that? But he makes no effort to answer it. His comment on Yeats is also inconclusive. Without being doctrinaire, Orwell might have demonstrated that the vagueness of texture which he cannot explain in the poetry of Yeats is a mark of that social alienation that similarly expresses itself in Swinburne, Tennyson, and the prose of Ruskin.

The abiding disillusionment of Orwell with the left-wingers who have wished "to be anti-fascist without being anti-totalitarian" has at least emancipated him from a line. This flexibility is well attested by his appreciation of Henry Miller's resigned, narcissistic pacifism. The essay on Miller's unsocial quietism, appropriately called Inside the Whale, properly belongs with the others here reprinted from English editions. One misses it—as well as Orwell's customary unself-conscious use of four-letter words.

WYLIE SYPHER

# VERSE CHRONICLE

SOMETIMES it is hard to criticize, one wants only to chronicle. The good or mediocre books come in from week to week, and I put them aside and read them and think of what to say; but the "worthless" books come in day after day, like the cries and truck sounds from the street, and there is nothing that anyone could think of that is good enough for them. In the bad type of the thin pamphlets, in hand-set lines on imported paper, people's hard lives and hopeless ambitions have expressed themselves more directly and heartbreakingly than they have ever been expressed in any work of art: it is as if the writers had sent you their ripped-out arms and legs, with "This is a poem" scrawled on them in lipstick. After a while one is embarrassed not so much for them as for poetry, which is for these poor poets one more of the openings against which everyone in the end beats his brains out; and one finds it unbearable that poetry should be so hard to write—a game of Pin the Tail on the Donkey in which there is for most of the players no tail, no donkey, not even a booby prize. It seems a detestable joke that the "national poet of the Ukraine"—kept a private in the army for ten years, and forbidden by the Czar to read, to draw, or even to write a letter—should not have for his pain one decent poem. A poor Air Corps sergeant spends two and a half years on Attu and Kiska, and at the end of the time his verse about the war is indistinguishable from Browder's brother's parrot's. How cruel that a cardinal—for one of these books is a cardinal's—should write verses worse than his youngest choir-boy's! But in this universe of bad poetry everyone is compelled by the decrees of an unarguable Necessity to murder his mother and marry his father, to turn somersaults widdershins at his own funeral, to do everything that his worst and most imaginative enemy could wish; it would be a hard heart and a dull head that could condemn, except with a sort of sacred awe, such poets for anything that they have done—or rather, for anything that has been done to them: for they have never *made* anything, they

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have suffered their poetry as helplessly as they have anything else; so that it is neither the imitation of life nor a slice of life, but life itself—beyond good, beyond evil, and certainly beyond reviewing.

Oscar Williams's new book ("That's All That Matters," Creative Age Press, $2) is pleasanter and a little quieter than his old, which gave the impression of having been written on a typewriter by a typewriter. In his random search for some new machinery to be the victim of, he samples an extraordinary lot of images, rhythms, and rhetorics, all of them wild and poetic in a rather tame and prosaic way; and one breathes in the poems, instead of air, the vacant and flowing spirit of George Barker. The logical picture behind the sometimes successful detail of the poems—the premise lurking under anything in them, like the observer in a book on relativity—is always the poet working away at his work: the poems themselves are the true subjects of these poems, and the "subjects" seem no more than ignorant, accidental victims of the breaking up of a reservoir of poetic emotion that pours itself arbitrarily out on anything.

Arnold Stein is an innocent, academic, giftless poet. Since his love poems ("Perilous Balance," University of Minnesota Press, $1.50) use words exactly as the songs on the Hit Parade do—but have no tunes—they are extremely embarrassing to read. He writes to a girl that he is "a part of you and of the beauty of the world and man"; he writes, "And my throat swelled with the beauty of it"; he writes, "The stir of things made music in your soul." He is perfectly capable of writing in this way about the war. He says about a heavy-bomber raid preparing a tank break-through:

> And you were tender and warm inside and you thought:
> Men—giving themselves (though blindly) to a goal
> (Not understood), and to each other (unknown);
> Moving, working, dying, and together,
> And aware of each other, and feeling the beauty of it.

(Just so, in "The Waste Land," a woman cooks a roast and calls in her neighbors "to get the beauty of it hot.") One thinks helplessly, "There is nothing in the whole world that this man wouldn't call beautiful"; but the uneasy confusion of a few poems written in occupied Germany seems to show that Mr. Stein is not actually one of Leibnitz's monads after all, since he has at last seen something in the world besides the reflection of his own tender and warm insides, something in the war besides the beauty of it.

Any poem must be (1) singing, (2) magical, (3) easy to understand: this is a (very) synthetic a priori judgment of Stanton A. Coblentz's, and by a sufficiently unreflecting use of it he is able to condemn the Benéts as modernist poets, and to compile an anthology of "traditional" contemporary poems ("The Music Makers," Bernard Ackerman, $3.75) that is the most nearly conclusive—and the most awingly dreary—justification of modernist poetry that has ever been devised. These poems are the imitation not of nature but of Poems; and at their worst they make Frederick the Great's adaptations of Voltaire seem *res gestae*.

Ruth Pitter's poems ("The Bridge," Macmillan, $1.50) are, in approximate silhouette, Robert Bridges versions of Walter de la Mare; she is "traditional" in the bad sense of the word, but her own sensibility and formal intelligence

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interrupt and occasionally transfigure her delicate, orthodox, and reasonably interesting exercises in what one might call Attic modes. What Miss Pitter is herself is sympathetic and valuable; but this no more than colors the aggregations of attitudes and techniques of which she is the unquestioning inheritor. She does not fully comprehend that these, like the linens in a tomb, vanish to the digger's "Ah!"—that the lives and possessions of the dead are inaccessible to us until we ourselves have lived and repossessed them—that, as the painter Elstir has said:

> There is no man, however wise, who has not at some period of his youth said things, or lived in a way, the consciousness of which is so unpleasant to him in later life that he would gladly, if he could, expunge it from his memory. And yet he ought not entirely to regret it, because he cannot be certain that he has indeed become a wise man—in so far as it is possible for any of us to be wise—unless he has passed through all the fatuous and unwholesome incarnations by which that ultimate stage must be preceded. I know that there are young fellows, the sons and grandsons of famous men, whose masters have instilled into them nobility of mind and moral refinement in their school days. They have, perhaps, when they look back upon their past lives, nothing to retract; they can, if they choose, publish a signed account of everything they have ever said or done; but they are poor creatures, feeble descendants of doctrinaires, and their wisdom is negative and sterile.

Miss Pitter's poems, so far as their continual animals are concerned, are the next to the last possible extrapolation of pastoral. In them the poet is no longer able to think any human being innocent, but chooses for a last implausible repository of values the pure and blameless animal: the swans have not yet bombed London. After the next war "the stinging nettle only/Will still be found to stand," and pastoral poets like Miss Pitter will write neither about shepherds nor about their sheep, but about the bare and lifeless pastures.

RANDALL JARRELL

# FICTION IN REVIEW

FROM where I sit counting, it appears that more new novels were published this March and April than in any month of the last three years. In March I received for review forty new novels as against nineteen in March, 1943, thirty-one in March, 1944, and twenty-five in March, 1945; and this April forty-six new novels came in for review as against twenty-seven in April, 1943, twenty-seven in April, 1944, and twenty-four in April, 1945; in fact, this April's list can boast six more titles than I recorded even in October, 1945—and October, because of the imminence of the Christmas buying rush, is usually a very heavy fiction month. I don't know how to explain this rise in production. But I do know that the increase in volume is not matched by any improvement in quality or interest. So far, in addition to the books I have reviewed at some length in recent weeks, I have been able to find but two items about which the readers of this column might want to know.

One is Francis Steegmuller's "States of Grace" (Reynal and Hitchcock, $2.50), which is that rare American phenomenon, a civilized light novel. The dearth of good light fiction in this country is remarkable—or perhaps, in view of the solemn pretensions of even our most popular literature, it is not remarkable at all. Just as we seem incapable of discriminating between *kitsch* or claptrap and the real thing, so that we can hail an "Arch of Triumph" as if it were a truly serious work of art, we also seem incapable of discriminating between silliness and light-heartedness, so that our literature of entertainment implies, not a relaxation of the intelligence, but its complete absence; and for the most part, we have to look to England for the small fictional work which sets its own limits of ambition and stays within them with taste. Mr. Steegmuller's book, however, fits perfectly into the category of literate entertainment. Set in Egypt, it is a deft, amusing account of the trials—primarily practical and then, secondarily, of faith—that attend the life of a new priest in an Egyptian-American parish. Father Philip is young, scrupulous, and innocent when he first takes his place among his odd parishioners, but by the end of his story—or, perhaps, by the end of the period covered in "States of Grace," for Mr. Steegmuller has created a character beautifully suited to a narrative series—he has learned that humility is not always an unquestionable virtue. Father Philip's process of education is also an opportunity, of course, for Mr. Steegmuller to have a good deal of wry fun at the expense of the church, but I can scarcely imagine that his jibes at the hierarchy will offend any but the most uneasy communicants. "States of Grace" is a far excursion from the same author's "Flaubert and Madame Bovary," that fascinating literary and biographical study of a few years ago, but it is renewed evidence of Mr. Steegmuller's gifts of grace and wit.

"Torrents of Spring" by Robert Payne (Dodd, Mead, $2.75) is the other title to be distinguished from the current publishing welter. It, too, is considerably off the usual fictional beat, although, unlike Mr. Steegmuller's book, it is not a light novel so much as a novel that wears its gravity with an uncommon charm. A story about China toward the close of the first decade of this century, Mr. Payne's book falls into two parts—which is its chief fault. For it is the first two-thirds of "Torrents of Spring" which recommends it; these early sections of the novel, which describe the life of a trio of upper-class Chinese children, are as delightful an idyl of youth as I have read. In the last third of Mr. Payne's book the children achieve a premature maturity by becoming active followers of Dr. Sun Yat-sen; and this section of the novel struck me as being a bit trumped up, both psychologically and politically; also, here, the lyricism which Mr. Payne has so nicely controlled in the earlier portions of the story starts running out of hand. We are told that "Torrents of Spring" is the first volume of what is to be a fictionalized history of modern China. If this is so, it suggests that Mr. Payne perhaps favors the explicitly political part of his novel over the early parts, in which political realities are just a rustling in the background. And if *this* is so, I think Mr. Payne estimates the nature of his talents incorrectly, for by the evidence of this single work his powers as a writer of political fiction are weak indeed compared to his powers to evoke a world of private emotion and conflict and growth. At any

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rate, whatever its author's plans for the future, "Torrents of Spring" can be enjoyed for most of its own sake—for what I feel sure is an authentic study of life in a remote Chinese province, and for its beguiling portrait of three Chinese youngsters.

DIANA TRILLING

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# Films

JAMES AGEE

APPARENTLY you never know when you are seeing the last of the Marx Brothers; so it is unnecessary to urge anyone who has ever enjoyed them to see "A Night in Casablanca." It is also beside the main point to add that it isn't one of their best movies; for the worst they might ever make would be better worth seeing than most other things I can think of. Many of the things in this one which by substance and look should be level with their best fall somehow flat. The only two reasons I can get wind of are the manufacture of repetition and the fact —they work too well for it to show obviously—that after all these years the Brothers are tired. But to anyone who likes them much I don't think that will get in the way. Chico is still the same as ever, which could suit me better only if he got into more entanglements like the viaduct-why-a-duck-vy-a-dock business in I forget which movie. Harpo has happily dropped his pied-piper, Jewish-Pan pretentiousness and regrettably dropped his erotic ravenousness. He is used more centrally than I remember seeing before. I think this is his best performance. Of the three he shows his age most. He is sadder than before, more acid, more subtle; he looks uncannily like Charlie Chaplin out of character.

Only a mash-note, or the work of several weeks, could contain my regard for Groucho. He is not, I suppose, one of the great comedians, but I can't think of anyone who has given me greater pleasure. My only regret is that, so far as I have seen, he has never yet been in a position to use everything I think he has. Most good comedians, probably all the great ones, require a very broad audience; Groucho, working with extremely sophisticated wit rather than with comedy, has always been slowed and burdened by his audience, even on the stage. He needs an audience that could catch the weirdest curves he could throw, and he needs to have no anxiety or responsibility toward even a blunter minority, let alone majority. I think of night clubs. But no American night-club audience I have seen would be up to the best of it; and to imagine him at work in a European literary cabaret, if I'm right about its mental snobbery and sententiousness, is far from satisfying too. If you have to choose between fun for brain's sake and fun for fun's sake, I certainly prefer the latter, local brand. But because there is no sufficient audience for the use of the brain for fun's sake, I suspect that we lose, in Groucho, the funniest satirist of the century.

I wish I had seen Danny Kaye as a night-club entertainer, too. Most of the best things I have seen him do—all in movies—belong there, and are evidently blunted on the screen. I think he may still become a fine screen comedian; quite possibly more than that. Meanwhile he is mainly very likable, unarguably gifted, sufficiently amusing to carry otherwise dead shows, and only by flashes brilliantly or deeply funny. But I suspect that if he ever comes through to his best, it will be not as a patter-man and parodist but as a comic archetype, as rooted in human character and as unvarying from show to show as Chaplin or Keaton. And I know that if he does, his own comic ideas and those surrounding him will have to be worked out—without, of course, losing at least their appearance of spontaneity —to the last ten-thousandth of an inch, instead of being roughed-in like an after-dinner speaker's badly told joke, as they generally are in "The Kid From Brooklyn." Screen comedies used, after all, to be machines as delicately, annihilatingly designed for their purpose as any machines that have ever been constructed out of words or tones; the only things today that have anything approaching that mechanical and psychological perfection are some of Disney's slapstick shorts. It may be that the day for comic archetypes passed, with the loss of silence, beyond the recovery of any merely individual intuition; it certainly looks as if nobody in Hollywood any longer knew or cared how really to strip the last drops out of even a verbal joke, not to mention a piece of comic pantomime. Not even the Marx Brothers succeed in it often, in their new movie.

# Records

B. H. HAGGIN

COLUMBIA has issued a volume (Set 607; $5.85) with the overture, the popular arias, and the concluding duet of "Carmen," sung by Risë Stevens, Nadine Conner, Raoul Jobin, and Robert Weede with the Metropolitan Opera chorus and orchestra under the direction of George Sebastian. Stevens is the featured singer; but much of her singing is not enjoyable, with its excessive tremolo, its occasionally shrill high tones, its little squeals in the Chanson bohême; and the good singing of the volume is done by the others. The orchestra sometimes sounds thin; there are moments when violins are strident, and others when the bass is wooden.

Another operatic recording (Set X-261; $2.85) offers the Bridal Chamber Duet from "Lohengrin," sung by Helen Traubel and Kurt Baum with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony under Rodzinski. One is bound to compare it with the Flagstad-Melchior performance in Victor Set 897; and one notes with pleasure the freshness of Baum's voice as against the worn huskiness of Melchior's; but then one hears the quavering, unlovely tones of Traubel that are distressing even without comparison with the vocal splendors produced by Flagstad; and on the last side one notes a cut which spares Traubel a couple of the climactic high notes that Flagstad sings, and that Traubel, when she finally does attempt the last one, can only shriek. The orchestral part is well-played, and the performance is well-reproduced.

What made me dislike Brahms's Violin Concerto the last time I heard

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it has struck me with fresh impact as I have listened to the newly recorded performance by Szigeti with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy (Set 603; $5.85). And this time I don't like Szigeti's performance: music as pretentious as the first movement, as saccharine as the second, should not be played with fussy, tremulous inflection that exaggerates its faults; and the orchestra also underlines heavily. As for recording, Columbia has achieved the curious effect of the orchestra sounding near and the soloist sounding some distance away, so that he sometimes cannot be heard clearly; the over-all sound is fairly clear and bright with a wide-range pickup, but a little dull and veiled with a limited-range Astatic Tru-Tan; and there is a loss of volume and brightness near the end of some sides.

Beethoven's Sonata Opus 30 No. 2 for violin and piano, of which Victor issued a performance by the Menuhins a few months ago, has been recorded for Columbia by Isaac Stern and Alexander Zakin (Set 604; $4.85). The work is one that I do not care for; the performance is one that I prefer to the Menuhins'; and it is better recorded than theirs, though the sound of the piano is dull in the lower range and weak in the upper.

A volume of Liszt's piano music played by Gyorgy Sandor (Set 602; $4.85) contains my favorite Liszt piano piece, the lovely Etude de Concert in F minor; a couple of Liszt's pretentiously serious works—"Funérailles" and Sonata quasi Fantasia ("après une lecture de Dante")—that I do not find interesting; and on the other hand the Hungarian Rhapsody No. 15 (Rakóczy March) and "Liebestraum" No. 3, which I also do not care much for. Sandor plays them with all the technical brilliance they demand, and the Etude with even more than it requires: I should like to hear it played more simply, and not pointed up so much for virtuoso effect. The recorded sound of the piano is natural and clear, but without the rich resonance that Victor has achieved in some piano recordings.

An enthusiastic letter from a member of the Princeton University Chapel Choir gave me notice of a performance of a work I had never heard, Beethoven's Mass in C major Opus 86; and I went out to hear the performance by the Choir with the Bryn Mawr College Chorus, soloists, and chamber orchestra under the direction of Carl Weinrich. The Mass turned out to be what one would expect Beethoven to produce fifteen years, more or less, before the Missa Solemnis: a work with startlingly beautiful and expressive passages, and with powerful dramatic strokes and contrasts, all on the small scale of an early try at something which, attempted again many years later, would come out with the grandly sustained beauty, dramatic power, and inner illumination of the Missa.

Certainly the Mass in C should not be unheard; but what musicologists usually have in mind when they deplore the vast amount of music that remains unheard is not works like the Mass in C but works like Bach's Cantata No. 85 "Ich bin ein guter Hirt," which was performed before the Mass, and which impressed me as being for the most part a routine product of Bach's craftsmanship. The exceptions were the chorale *Der Herr ist mein getreuer Hirt,* actually a sort of chorale-prelude for soprano and orchestra; and the final chorale sung by the chorus.

At the concert of Charles Ives's music in Columbia University's festival of contemporary American music I heard half the program—the Sonata No. 2 for violin and piano, a number of songs, and the String Quartet No. 2—and then gave up. The mind that revealed its strangeness in the eccentricities of the songs expressed itself in the instrumental works in musical terms that made no sense to me, except when it indulged in parodistic quotation of familiar tunes at one point in the quartet, or when it played around with barn-dance music in the second movement of the sonata.

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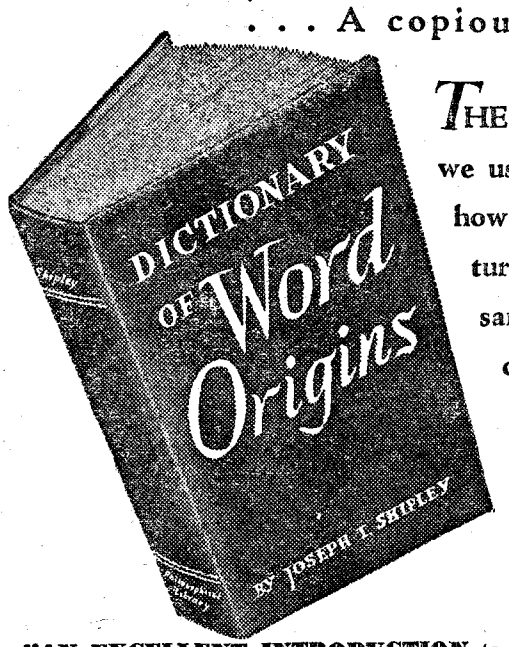


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to invite me to a concert of Chinese music by Shau-Kwong Tam, which was preceded by an explanatory talk by Dr. Wing-Tsit Chan. I fear that no amount of explanation could make the music meaningful to me in the way it is to those who absorbed it from earliest childhood as their musical language. I remained outside the emotional world it created and referred to; and I could observe the subtle inflection of the delicate sound of the muted Chinese violin in a piece called "Moon-Lit Night," but could not be affected by the subleties as Mr. Tam or Dr. Chan was.

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

## A Vote for Guerard

*Dear Sirs:* I wish to give my vote of appreciation to Albert Guérard's fine article, The World Comes of Age, answering Dr. Niebuhr's The Myth of World Government. In Guérard's emphasis on the fact that a world unity of spirit exists, he supplies an excellent antidote for the pessimism and defeatism expressed by Dr. Niebuhr. Guérard's frank facing of the problem as it stands, without exaggerating either the ease or the difficulty of accomplishing the goal, represents the only intelligent solution of the question. To run and hide at such a critical hour will merely help to undermine this spirit. As Guérard has pointed out, our duty is to work toward this goal and lay the groundwork for world government; otherwise we shall never achieve it.

CORINNE KATZ

Wellesley, Mass., April 22

## And a Vote for Niebuhr

*Dear Sirs:* Albert Guérard does a good job of attacking Reinhold Niebuhr's Myth of World Government. He is to be commended for a more realistic viewpoint than that characterizing the storm of protest which first greeted Dr. Niebuhr's article. But although Mr. Guérard is more adult than his fellow-critics, he remains inadequate.

He simplifies matters by admitting the truth of Dr. Niebuhr's first contention —that "a community cannot be created by legal or constitutional means." He fails lamentably in his effort to establish that a world community—inferentially ripe for world government—does at present exist.

Mr. Guérard points out that "technical progress has made the world physically one," that "science ignores national boundaries," that "we are submitting without protest to food restrictions because we cannot face the thought of being sated in a starving world," that "world literature, no less than world art, is more real than any purely local manifestation." Most of these things are true, but they hardly make a world community. The airplane may bring Tibet to our doorstep; yet it makes no difference if our thinking is still circumscribed by national boundaries. Science has ignored national boundaries for some centuries now, and New Yorkers have read the literature of France, Germany, and Italy; yet wars have continued. And the allegation that the American people, ashamed of plenty in a world of need, are "submitting without protest" to rationing is false.

Perhaps Mr. Guérard mistakes local and isolated manifestations of world feeling for a universal emotion. Of course, there are many people in this country, and in others, who are willing to submerge national advantage to global good. There are many—but there are not enough. Americans are concerned with retention of their country's commercial and political power; Frenchmen with the security of France; Britishers with salvaging their tottering prestige; Russians with Russian impregnability. Are these world citizens?

Dr. Niebuhr was courageous and farsighted when he cut the props from under the rosy thesis that everything will be fine when we make a few amendments to the United Nations charter. His critics have betrayed their political adolescence by berating a man whose fault was that he could not mistake the wish for the fact.

PATRICIA MC GREGOR

Mexico City, May 1

## No Amateur, He

*Dear Sirs:* Stuart Chase should at least try to get his facts right before he accuses other people of being unscientific. In your issue of May 4 he says of David Ricardo that "at twenty-one he married a certain Mrs. Wilkinson, apparently a lady of means, and retired to a country estate, where he wrote his immortal 'Principles of Political Economy and Taxation' "; and on this statement indicts Ricardo as ignorant of business. The fact is that from the time of his marriage at twenty-one, as a result of which he broke with his family, he was forced to build his own business from very small beginnings. Only after another twenty-one years of an eminently successful business career was he able to buy, and retire to, the country estate where he found the leisure to write his great work. Ignorance of business is certainly the last reproach anyone who has even a nodding acquaintance with Ricardo's work would dream of leveling against him.

F. A. HAYEK

Chicago, May 6

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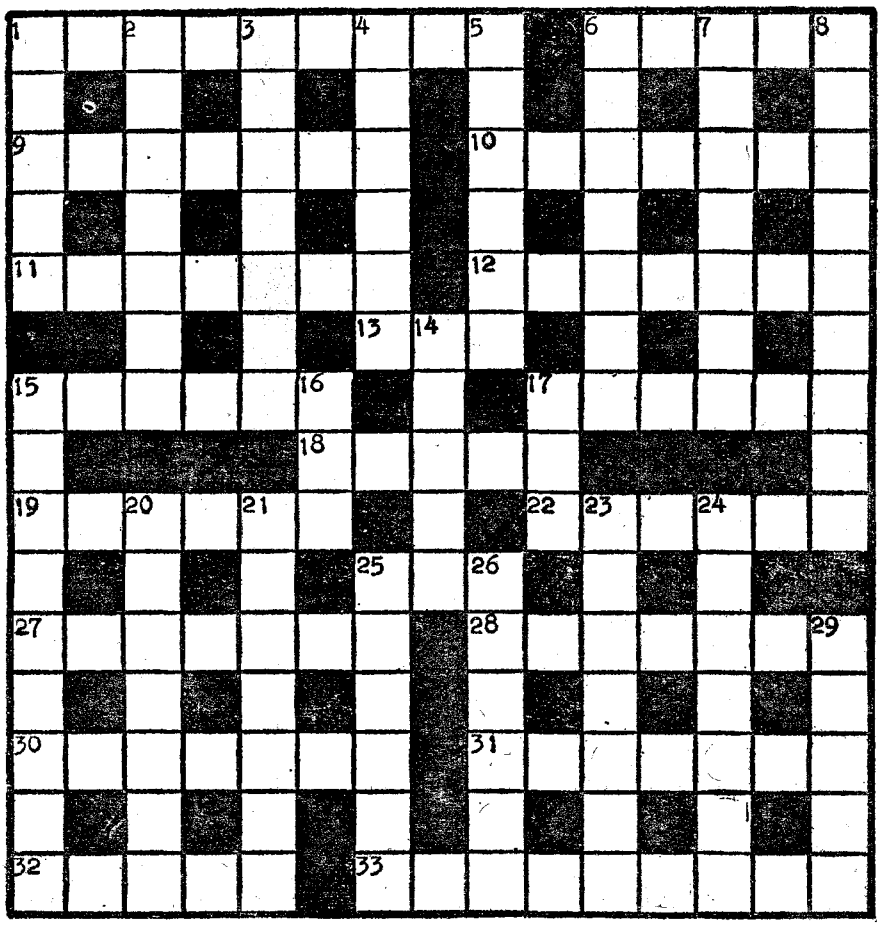
# Crossword Puzzle No. 162

By JACK BARRETT



## ACROSS

1 The Blue Bells of Scotland
6 When this poet was forbidden to keep a dog at Cambridge University he chained a bear there
9 Mohammedan sovereign's fruity better half
10 Implementing?
11 For this an understanding of French is necessary
12 Unlike the idealist, he sees things as they are
13 Competed, in the political stakes perhaps
15 Puts to the proof
17 Cyrus made it the dominant Asiatic country of his time
18 I am when I scold
19 Has faith in big business
22 State of one possessed of some spirit
25 Sayings of one in his anecdotage?
27 Recovered
28 Withdraw from the contest on account of a slight wound
30 A mouth, though not necessarily for food
31 It's veal (anag.)
32 Liberated woman of France
33 To escape effusive thanks, or accusations of meanness? (three words, 3, 3, 3)

## DOWN

1 Mistress Quickly must have made it
2 Describes
3 Kissing this Stone is something of an acrobatic feat
4 You can't call the baker this unless he fails to produce the first part
5 A turn's by a star
6 What the marriage broker calls his business
7 Some of the "plums" in plum pudding
8 Phoebus comes driving his steeds to drive this steed away
14 "Goodness me! Why what was that?" (Deadeye) "Silent be! ----- the cat!"
15 Initialled by the Prime Minister after lunch
16 Little sister
17 Favorite in a tantrum
20 "Mother, for love of grace, Lay not that flattering ------- to your soul"
21 Slowly
23 Bay, and town, of New Jersey
24 Never (two words, 3 and 4)
25 Coming near the middle of a mad venture
26 Please (anag.)
29 "And, like another -----, fired another Troy"

### SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 161

ACROSS:—1 SAHARA; 2 MOUSSE; 9 EMPTIED; 11 LANDAU; 12 TOPEKA; 13 PSALTER; 14 OGEE; 17 WELL; 19 MIDSUMMER; 22 CANOE; 23 EARED; 25 AVAUNT; 26 AISLES; 27 TENDS; 29 FOGEY; 31 ROYALTIES; 34 ALAS; 36 SORE; 37 FRISEUR; 39 MINCED; 40 SALIVA; 41 TOUSLES; 42 NETHER; 43 SPHERE.

DOWN:—1 SELDOM; 2 HUNTED; 3 REAP; 4 AMUSEMENT; 5 METER; 6 ODOR; 7 SWEDEN; 8 ENABLE; 10 TALKER; 15 GIRASOL; 16 ESCAPES; 17 WALLETS; 18 LOBSTER; 20 MATER; 21 READY; 24 DISABUSES; 28 NOISES; 29 FAT MAN; 30 GANNET; 32 IODINE; 33 SEDATE; 35 ARDOR; 37 FETE; 38 RASP.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